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Recollections of a Forest Life:

OR, THE

LIFE AND TRAVELS

OF

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH,

OR

GEORGE COPWAY,

CHIEF OF THE OJIBWAY NATION.

Many years Missionary in the North West; and projector of the Concentration of the Indian Tribes, for the Promotion of their Improvement.

SECOND EDITION.

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1851.

TO

CHRISTIANS

OF ALL

DENOMINATIONS,

THIS BRIEF

History of a Child of the Forest,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED, BY

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

In presenting my life to the British public, at the earnest solicitation of friends, I do so with the greatest diffidence. I am an Indian, and am well aware of the difficulties I have to encounter, to win the favourable notice of the white man. Yet one great object prompts me to persevere, and that is, that I may, in connection with the memoirs of my life, present the *present state* and *prospects* of my poor countrymen—feeling that the friends of humanity may still labour and direct their benevolence to those who were once the lords of the land on which the white man lives—and assist in rescuing them from an untimely grave.

If ever I see the day when my people shall become happy and prosperous, I shall then feel great and lasting pleasure, which will more than

repay me for the pain, both of body and mind, which I have endured for the last twelve years. My motto is still—"*My poor people.*"

My book goes to the firesides of the thousand happy homes of the white man! As much as I may desire to see them in person, my short stay in this country will not allow me this pleasure. Tell your own story of my gratitude to the white man,—my joy and pleasures. Whisper in the ears of your children to pray for the red man.

Yes! go, where I never shall be, and you will still be speaking, long, long after my tears will have ceased to flow, and I be numbered with the past.

Visit the gaudy palaces of the great, and whisper in their ears what rivers are in store for doing good.

Visit the humble homes of the poor, and let the cares, hopes, and joys of the one you speak of comfort and console the care-worn pilgrims of earth; for I love them because they are my brethren in affliction!

September, 1850.

A WORD TO THE READER.

It would be presumptuous in one, who has but recently been brought out of a wild and savage state, and who has since received but three years' schooling, to undertake, without any assistance, to publish to the world a work of any kind. It is but a few years since I began to speak the English language. An unexpected opportunity occurred of submitting my manuscript to a friend, who has kindly corrected all *serious* grammatical errors, leaving the unimportant ones wholly untouched, that my own style may be exhibited as truly as possible. The language (except in a few short sentences), the plan, and the arrangement, are all my own; and I am wholly responsible for all the statements, and the remaining defects. My work is now accomplished; and I am too well aware of the many faults which are still to be found therein. Little could I imagine that I should have to con-

tend with so many obstacles. All along have I felt my great deficiency, and my inadequacy for such an undertaking. I would fain hope, however, that the kind reader will throw the mantle of charity over errors of every kind. I am a stranger in a strange land! And often, when the sun is sinking in the western sky, I think of my former home; my heart yearns for the loved of other days, and tears flow like the summer rain. How the heart of the wanderer and pilgrim, after long years of absence, beats, and his eyes fill, as he catches a glance at the hills of his nativity, and reflects upon the time when he pressed the lips of a mother, or sister, now cold in death. Should I live, this painful pleasure will yet be mine. "*Blessed be the Lord, who hath helped me hitherto.*"

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH,

OR,

GEORGE COPWAY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FOREST LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

As we look back through life, in our moments of sadness,
How few and how brief are the gleamings of gladness!
Yet we find, 'midst the gleam that our pathway o'ershaded,
A few spots of sunshine, a few flowers unfaded;
And memory still hoards, as her richest of treasures,
Some moments of rapture, some exquisite pleasures.—*P. M. W.*

From a land of wildness and desolate solitude I come, and at the feet of noble Britons drop the tears of pleasure, and pay a humble homage, not to man, but to the greatness of the Palefaces,—or that which makes them great,—science and religion; in presenting myself before them as I do. None of my race have, perhaps, seen the different phases of one man's varied history as I have. The path I have trodden has been here and there rugged, steep, and intricate. Flowers and thorns have clustered in my bosom at the same time, and have left the aching heart to bleed. Sunshine has also succeeded the

darkest hours of sorrow and the bereavements of the past. I have shouted to-day in the ecstacies of delight, and to-morrow I have sobbed in agony for departed joys! Yet, after all, I could wish to live a life over again, which, of itself, has some bright spots, which the future itself cannot efface with its glory. Thought recurs to the innocency of childhood, when no care appeared, as foreboding clouds in the distant sky; but when, half-naked, I sent my shout of merry laughter into the distant woods, or mocked the birds which sang over me. A nature as free as the deer, a heart as light as the dawn of day.

Fancy's pictures are not needed in my life to represent the past. The realities stare at me, and the days which I have spent in the forest yet cause a momentary joy, and give life's wheel smoothness in their passage to the grave. Lakes, rivers, wild woods, and mountain peaks, frequented in youth, arise, and still can I feel the glowing of youth's fires, which then were fanned by the breath of heaven. I drank from the hand of Nature. Her cup, ever running over, gave its delight, which nothing could supply, but that which runs in a stream from the skies. The earth then was covered with new-born beauties and blossoms.

Among the many considerations which have in-

duced me to consent to the publication of this work, is that the Christian public may do more good to my poor brethren, in sending them the means of education and Christian instruction.

The Christian will, no doubt, feel for my poor people, when he hears the story of one brought from that unfortunate race called the Indians. The lover of humanity will be glad to see that that once powerful race can be made to enjoy the blessings of life.

What was once impossible—or rather thought to be—is made possible through my experience. I have made many close observations of men and things around me; but I regret to say, that I do not think I have made as good use of my opportunities as I might have done. It will be seen that I know but little—yet, O how precious *that little!*—I would rather lose my right hand than be deprived of it.

I loved the woods and the chase. I had the nature for it, and gloried in nothing else. The mind for letters was in me, *but was asleep*, till the dawn of Christianity arose, and awoke the slumbers of the soul into energy and action.

You will see that I served the imaginary gods of my poor blind father. I was out early and late in quest of the favours of the *Mon-e-doos* (spirits), who, it was said, were numerous—who filled the

air! At early dawn I watched the rising of the *palace* of the Great Spirit—*the sun*—who, it was said, made the world!

Early as I can recollect, I was taught that it was the gift of the many spirits to be a good hunter and warrior; and much of my time I devoted in search of their favours. On the mountain top, or along the valley or the water brook, I searched for some kind intimation from the spirits who made their residence in the noise of the waterfalls.

I dreaded to hear the voice of the angry spirit in the gathering clouds. I looked with anxiety to catch a glimpse of the wings of the Great Spirit, who shrouded himself in rolling white and dark clouds—who, with his wings, fanned the earth, and laid low the tall pines and hemlock in his course—who rode in whirlwinds and tornadoes, and plucked the trees from their woven roots—who chased other gods from his course—who drove the bad spirit from the surface of the earth, down to the dark caverns of the deep. Yet he was a kind spirit. My father taught me to call that spirit Ke-sha-mon-e-doo—*Benevolent spirit*—for his ancestors taught him no other name to give to that spirit who made the earth, with all its variety and smiling beauty. His benevolence I saw in the running of the streams, for the animals to quench their thirst and the fishes to live; the fruit of the earth teemed

wherever I looked. Everything I saw smilingly said, Ke-sha-mon-e-doo nin-ge-oo-she-ig—*the Benevolent spirit made me.*

"Where is he?" My father pointed to the sun. "What is his will concerning me, and the rest of the Indian race?" This was a question that I found no one could answer, until a beam from heaven shone on my pathway, which was very dark, when first I saw that there was a true heaven—not in the far-setting sun, where the Indian anticipated a rest, a home for his spirit—but in the bosom of the Highest.

I view my life like the mariner on the wide ocean, without a compass, in the dark night, as he watches the heavens for the north star, which his eye having discovered, he makes his way amidst surging seas, and tossed by angry billows into the very jaws of death, till he arrives safely anchored at port. I have been tossed with hope and fear in this life; no star-light shone on my way, until the men of God pointed me to a Star in the East, as it rose with all its splendour and glory. It was the Star of Bethlehem. I could now say, in the language of the poet—

"Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark."

Yes, I hope to sing some day in the realms of bliss—

> "It was my guide, my light, my all!
> It bade my dark foreboding cease;
> And through the storm and danger's thrall,
> It led me to the port of peace."

I have not the happiness of being able to refer to written records in narrating the history of my forefathers, but I can reveal to the world what has long been laid up in my memory; so that when "I go the way of all the earth," the crooked and singular paths which I have made in the world may not only be a warning to others, but may inspire them with a trust in God. And not only a warning and a trust, but also that the world may learn that there once lived such a man as Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh, when they read his griefs and his joys.

My parents were of the Ojibway nation, who lived on the lake back of Cobourg, on the shores of Lake Ontario, Canada West. The lake was called Rice Lake, where there was a quantity of wild rice, and much game of different kinds, before the whites cleared away the woods, where the deer and the bear then resorted.

My father and mother were taught the religion of their nation. My father became a medicine man in the early part of his life, and always had by him

the implements of war, which generally distinguish our head men. He was as good a hunter as any in the tribe. Very few brought more furs than he did in the spring. Every spring they returned from their hunting grounds. The Ojibways each claimed, and claim to this day, hunting grounds, rivers, lakes, and whole districts of country. No one hunted on each other's ground. My father had the northern fork of the river Trent, above Belmont Lake.

My great-grandfather was the first who ventured to settle at Rice Lake, after the Ojibway nation defeated the Hurons, who once inhabited all the lakes in Western Canada, and who had a large village just on the top of the hill of the Anderson farm (which was afterwards occupied by the Ojibways), and which furnished a magnificent view of the lakes and surrounding country. He was of the *Crane tribe, i.e.*, had a crane for totem—*coat of arms*—which now forms the totem of the villagers, excepting those who have since come amongst us from other villages by intermarriage; for there was a law that no one was to marry one of the same totem, for all considered each other as being related. He must have been a daring adventurer—*a warrior*—for no one would have ventured to go and settle down on the land from which they had just driven the Hurons, whom the Ojibways conquered and re-

duced, unless he was a great hero. It is said that he lived about the islands of Rice Lake, secreting himself from the enemy for several years, until some others came and joined him, when they formed a settlement on one of the islands. He was a great hunter, and this was one of the principal inducements that made him venture there, for there must have been abundance of game of every kind. The Ojibways are here called Massissuagays, because they came from Me-sey Sah-gieng, at the head of Lake Huron, as you go up to Sault St. Marie falls.

Here he lived in jeopardy—with his life in his hand—enduring the unpleasant idea that he lived in the land of bones—*amidst the gloom*, which shrouded the once happy and populous village of the Hurons; here their bones lay broad-cast around his wigwam; for among these woods once rang the war-cry of the Hurons, echoing along the valley of the river Trent, but whose sinewy arms now laid low, with their badges and arms of war, in one common grave. Their graves, forming a hillock, are now all that remain of this once powerful nation. Their bones, gun-barrels, tomahawks, war spears, large scalping knives, are yet to be found there. This must have taken place soon after the formation of the settlement in Quebec.

The *Crane tribe* became the sole proprietors of this part of the Ojibway land; the descendants of

this tribe continue to wear the distinguishing sign; except in a few instances, the chiefs are of this tribe.

My grandfather lived here about this time, and held some friendly intercourse with the whites. My father here learned the manners, customs, and worship of the nation. He, and others, became acquainted with the early settlers, and have ever been friendly with the whites; and I know the day when he used to shake the hand of the white man, and, *very friendly*, the white man would say, "*take some whiskey.*" When he saw any hungering for venison, he gave them to eat; and some, in return for his kindness, have repaid him after they became good and great farmers.

My mother was of the *Eagle tribe;* she was a sensible woman; she was as good a hunter as any of the Indians; she could shoot the deer, and the ducks flying, as well as they. Nature had done a great deal for her, for she was active; and she was much more cleanly than the majority of our women in those days. She lived to see the day when most of her children were given up to the Lord in Christian baptism; while she experienced a change of heart, and the fulness of God in man, for she lived daily in the enjoyment of God's favours. I will speak more of her at a proper time, respecting her life and happy death.

My father still lives; he is from sixty-five to seventy years old, and is one of the chiefs of Rice Lake Indian Village. He used to love fire-water before he was converted to God, but now lives in the enjoyment of religion, and he is happy without the devil's spittle—*whiskey*. If Christianity had not come, and the grace of God had not taken possession of his heart, his head would soon have been laid low beneath the fallen leaves of the forest, and I left, in my youthful days, an orphan. But to God be all the praise for his timely deliverance!

The reader will see that I cannot boast of an exalted parentage, nor trace the past history to some renowned warrior in days of yore; but let the above suffice. My fathers were those who endured much, and who first took possession of the conquered lands of the Hurons.

I was born in *Nature's wide domain!* The trees were all that sheltered my infant limbs—the blue heavens all that covered me. I am one of Nature's children; I have always admired her; she shall be my glory; her features—her robes, and the wreath about her brow—the seasons—her stately oaks, and the evergreen—her hair, ringlets over the earth—all contribute to my enduring love of her; and wherever I see her, emotions of pleasure roll in my breast, and swell and burst like waves on the

shores of the ocean, in prayer and praise to Him who has placed me in her hand. It is thought great to be born in palaces, surrounded with wealth—but to be born in Nature's wide domain is greater still!

I was born sometime in the fall of 1818, near the mouth of the river Trent, called in our language, Sah-ge-dah-we-ge-wah-noong, while my father and mother were attending the annual distribution of the presents from the Government to the Indians. I was the third of our family; a brother and sister being older, both of whom died. My brother died without the knowledge of the Saviour, but my sister experienced the power of the loving grace of God. One brother, and two step-brothers, are still alive.

I remember the tall trees, and the dark woods—the swamp just by, where the little wren sang so melodiously after the going down of the sun in the west—the current of the broad river Trent—the skipping of the fish, and the noise of the rapids a little above. It was here I first saw the light; a little fallen down shelter, made of evergreens, and a few dead embers, the remains of the last fire that shed its genial warmth around, were all that marked the spot. When I last visited it, nothing but fur poles stuck in the ground, and they were leaning on account of decay. Is this dear spot,

made green by the tears of memory, any less enticing and hallowed than the palaces where princes are born? I would much more glory in this birthplace, with the broad canopy of heaven above me, and the giant arms of the forest trees for my shelter, than to be born in palaces of marble, studded with pillars of gold! Nature will be Nature still, while palaces shall decay and fall in ruins. Yes, Niagara will be Niagara a thousand years hence! The rainbow, a wreath over her brow, shall continue as long as the sun, and the flowing of the river—while the work of art, however impregnable, shall in atoms fall!

Our wigwam we always carried with us wherever we went. It was made in the following manner:—Poles were cut about fifteen feet long; three with crotches at the end, which were stuck in the ground some distance apart, the upper ends meeting, and fastened with bark; and then other poles were cut in circular form and bound round the first, and then covered with plaited reeds, or sewed birch bark, leaving an opening on the top for the smoke to escape. The skins of animals formed a covering for a gap, which answered for a door. The family all sat, tailor-fashion, on mats. In the fall and winter they were generally made more secure, for the purpose of keeping out the rain and cold. The covering of our wigwam was always carried by my

mother, whenever we went through the woods. In the summer it was easier and pleasanter to move about from place to place, than in the winter. In the summer we had birch-bark canoes, and with these we travelled very rapidly and easily. In the winter every thing was carried upon the back. I have known some Indians carry a whole deer—not a small one, but a buck. If an Indian could lift up his pack off the ground by means of his arms, it was a good load, not too light nor too heavy. I once carried 196 lbs. weight of flour, twelve lbs. of shot, five lbs. of coffee, and some sugar, about a quarter of a mile, without resting—the flour was in two bags. It felt very heavy. This was since I travelled with the missionaries, in going over one of the portages in the west.

Our summer houses were made like those in gardens among the whites, except that the skeleton was covered with bark.

The hunting grounds of the Indians were secured by right, a law and custom among themselves. No one was allowed to hunt on another's land, without invitation or permission. If any person was found trespassing on the ground of another, all his things were taken from him, except a handful of shot, powder sufficient to serve him in going *straight* home, a gun, a tomahawk, and a knife; all the fur, and other things, were taken from him. If

he were found a second time trespassing, all his things were taken away from him, except food sufficient to subsist on while going home. And should he still come a third time to trespass on the same, or another man's hunting grounds, his nation, or tribe, are then informed of it, who take up his case. If still he disobey, he is banished from his tribe.

My father's hunting ground was at the head of Crow River, a branch of the River Trent, north of the Prince Edward District, Canada West. There are two branches to this river—one belongs to George Poudash, one of the principal chiefs of our nation; the other to my father; and the Crow River belongs to another chief by the name of John Crow. During the last war the Indians did not hunt or fish much for nearly six years, and at the end of that time there were large quantities of beaver, otter, minks, lynx, fishes, &c.

These hunting grounds abound with rivers and lakes; the face of the country is swampy and rocky; the deer and the bear abound in these woods; part of the surrendered territory is included in it. In the year 1818, 1,800,000 acres of it were surrendered to the British Government. For how much, do you ask? For 2,960 dollars per annum! What a *great sum* for British generosity!

Much of the back country still remains unsold,

and I hope the scales will be removed from the eyes of my poor countrymen, that they may see the robberies perpetrated upon them, before they surrender another foot of territory.

From these lakes and rivers come the best furs that are caught in Western Canada. Buyers of fur get large quantities from here. They are then shipped to New York city, or to England. Whenever fruit is plenty, bears are also plenty, and there is much bear hunting. Before the whites came amongst us, the skins of these animals served for clothing; they are now sold at from three to eight dollars apiece.

My father generally took one or two families with him when he went to hunt; all were to hunt, and place their gains into one common stock till spring, (for they were often out all winter,) when a division took place.

CHAPTER II.

My life is not dated by years—
There are moments which act as a plough;
And there is not a furrow appears,
But is deep in my soul as my brow.—*Byron.*

THE change of seasons changed also our mode of living, as well as the places where we then had our wigwam. In the fall we gathered the wild rice, and in the winter we were in the interior. Some winters we suffered most severely, on account of the depth of snow, and the cold; our wigwams were often buried in snow. We not only suffered from the snow and the cold, but from hunger. Our party would be unable to hunt, and being far from the white settlements, we were often in want of food. I will narrate a circumstance of our sufferings, when I come to speak of the actual condition of our people, before Christianity was introduced among us, which, when I think of it, I cannot but bless God for his preserving kindness to us, in sparing us to hear his blessed word.

Soon after being Christianised, my father and another Indian, by the name of Big John, and

myself, went out hunting; my father left his family near the mission station, living in the wigwam. While we were out on the hunting grounds, we found out that some Indians had gone before us on the route up the river, and every day we gained upon them: their tracks were fresh. The river and the lakes were frozen, and we had to walk on the ice. For some days together we did not fire a gun, for fear they would hear it and go from us, where we could not find them. At length we found them by the banks of the river—they were Nah-doo-ways, or Mohawks, from Bay Quinty; there were seven of them, tall fellows. We shook hands with them: they received us kindly. My father had determined to take all they had, if we should overtake them. After they gave us a good dinner of boiled beaver, my father stepped across the fire and ripped open two packs of beaver furs, that were just by him. He said to them, "We have only one custom among us, and that is well known to all; this river, and all that is in it are mine. I have come up the river behind you, and you appear to have killed all before you. This is mine, and this is mine," he said, as he touched with the handle of his tomahawk each of the packs of beaver, otter, and musk-cat skins. I expected every moment to see my father knocked down with a tomahawk, but none dared touch him; he counted

the skins, and then threw them across the fire-place to us. After this was done, the same thing took place with the guns; only one was left them to use on their way home. He talked to them by signs, and bade them, as the sailors say, "weigh anchor, and soon be under way;" they left, and we took possession of the temporary wigwam they had built. We never saw them afterwards on our hunting grounds, though some of them have been there since.

My father was ever kind and affectionate to me, particularly after the death of my brother, which was occasioned by the going off of a gun, the load passing through the arm, and so fractured it that it soon mortified and caused his death. He believed in persuasion; I know not that he ever used harsh means, but would talk to me for hours together. As soon as it was dark he would call me to his side and begin to talk, and tell me that the Great Spirit would bless me with a long life if I should love my friends, and particularly the aged. He would always take me with him when going anywhere near, and I learned his movements, for I watched him going through the woods. Often would he tell me that when I should be a man that I must do so and so, and do as he did, while fording the rivers, shooting the deer, trapping the beaver, &c. I always imitated him while I was a hunter.

My mother was also kind and affectionate; she seemed to be happy when she saw us enjoying ourselves by her; often she would not eat much for days together; she would leave all for us! She was an industrious woman; in the spring she made more sugar than any one else; she was never idle while the season for gathering wild rice lasted.

I was taught early to hunt the deer. It was a part of our father's duty to teach us how to handle the gun as well as the bow and arrow. I was early reminded to hunt for myself; a thirst to excel in hunting began to increase; no pains were spared, no fatigue was too great, and at all seasons I found something to stimulate me to exertion, that I might become a good hunter. For years I followed my father, observed how he approached the deer, the manner of getting it upon his shoulders to carry it home, &c. The appearance of the sky, the sound of the distant waterfalls in the morning, the appearance of the clouds and the winds, were to be noticed. The step, and the gesture, in travelling in search of the deer, were to be observed.

Many a lecture I received when the deer lay bleeding at the feet of my father; he would give me an account of the nobleness of the hunter's deeds, and said that I should never be in want whenever there was any game, and that many a poor aged man could be assisted by me. "*If you*

reverence the aged, many will be glad to hear of your name," were the words of my father. "The poor man will say to his children, 'my children, let us go to him, for he is a great hunter, and is kind to the poor; he will not turn us away empty.' The Great Spirit, who has given the aged a long life, will bless you. You must never laugh at any suffering object, for you know not how soon you may be in the same condition: never kill any game needlessly." Such was his language when we were alone in the woods. Ah! they were lessons directed from heaven.

In the spring but few deer were killed, because they were not in good order, the venison being poor, and the skin so thin, that it was no object to kill them. To hunt deer in the summer was my great delight, which I did in the following manner:— During the day I looked for their tracks, as they came on the shore of the lake or river during the night to feed. If they came on the bank of the river, I lighted pitch pine, and the current of the river took the canoe along the shore. My lantern was so constructed that the light could not fall on one spot, but sweep along the shore. The deer could see the light, but were not alarmed by it, and continued feeding on the weeds. In this way I have approached so close, that I could have reached them with my paddle. In this manner our fore-

fathers shot them, not with a gun, as I did, but with the bow and arrow. Bows were made strong enough, so that the arrows might pierce through them.

Another mode of hunting on the lakes, preferred by some, is shooting without a light. Many were so expert, and possessed such accuracy in hearing, that they could shoot successfully in the dark, with no other guide than the noise of the deer in the water; the position of the deer being well known in this way on the darkest night. I will here relate an occurrence which took place in 1834. My father and I were hunting on the river Trent, in the night; after we had shot two deer, and while returning homewards, we heard the noise of a deer's footsteps. The night was dark as pitch. We approached the deer. I asked my father at what part of the animal I should aim. He replied, "at the head or neck." I poised my gun and fired; hearing no noise, I concluded that my game was sure. I lighted some pitch pine, and walked towards the spot from which the noise had come. The deer lay dead and bleeding. On examination, I found that I had shot it just below the ear. In the fall of the year, also, I was accustomed to hunt; the meat was very fine, and the skins (from which our moccasins were made) were much thicker at this season. Those that could track the deer on fallen leaves, and shoot

one each day, were considered first-rate hunters. The fall is the best time to determine the skill of the huntsman.

Of all animals the bear is the most dangerous to hunt. I had heard so many stories about its cunning that I dreaded to meet one. One day a party of us were going out to hunt the bear, just below Crooke's rapids. After we had made a temporary place to stay for several days, we marched in file; after a while we halted, each took a different direction. My father said, "My son, you had better loiter behind the rest. Do not go far, for you may lose yourself." We parted—I took my course, and the rest theirs. I trembled for fear I should see what I was hunting for! I went only where I least expected to see a bear, and every noise I heard in the woods, I thought must be one. As I stood on an old mossy log, there was such a crack on the side of the hill, that my heart leaped within me. As I turned and looked, there was a large bear running towards me! I hid myself behind a tree—but on he came; I watched him; he came like a hogshead rolling down hill; there were no signs of stopping; when a few feet from me, I jumped aside, and cried *Yah!* (an exclamation of fear.) I fired my gun without taking sight; in turning suddenly to avoid me, he threw up the earth and leaves; for an instant I was led to believe that the bear was upon

me. I dropped my gun and fell backwards, while the bear lay sprawling just by me. Having recovered, I took up my gun, and went a few feet from where I fell, and loaded my gun in a hurry. I then sought for a long pole, and with it I poked it on its side, to see if it was really dead. It did not move—it was dead; but even then I had not courage to go and touch it with my hands. When all was over, and I had told my father I had killed a bear, I felt as though my little leggings could hardly contain me. In examining it, I found the ball had gone through its heart.

Bear meat is like pork. It can be kept a long time when cured. For some weeks together this was the only kind of food we used to eat.

The oil of the bear is used for various purposes. One use is, to prevent the falling out of the hair. The apothecaries buy it from the Indians for about five dollars a gallon.

The skins of bears are what our forefathers wore, before the white people came amongst us, as blankets; but now *land-sharks*, called traders, buy them from the Indians for a mere trifle.

I loved to hunt the bear, the beaver, and the deer; but now, the occupation has no charms for me. I will now take the goose quill for my *bow*, and its point for my *arrow*. If, perchance, I may yet speak, when my poor aching head lies low in the

grave; when the hand that wrote these recollections shall have crumbled into dust; then these pages will not have been written in vain.

"O! land of rest, for thee I sigh—
When will the season come,
When I shall lay my armour by,
And dwell in peace at home?"

The beaver was hunted in the spring and fall. They were either trapped or shot. Among all the animals that live in the water, the beaver is of the kindest disposition, when tamed; it is a very cleanly animal; sits on its broad tail on the ground while feeding; feeds all night, and sleeps most of the day. Beaver skins were once worth from eight to ten dollars apiece, or four dollars per pound.

The otter, too, is much valued. The whites buy the skins, and make caps of them. They are mostly caught in traps. In the fall and spring they are always on the move.

The otter is a greedy animal; it can be tamed, but when hungry becomes cross, and often bites. If it be half a mile off, it will scent any food preparing in the wigwam.

When about five years old, I commenced shooting birds, with a small bow and arrow. I have shot many a bird, but am no more a marksman. I used to feel proud when I carried home my own game. The first thing that any of the hunters shot, was

cooked by the grandfather and grandmother, and there was great rejoicing, to inspire the youthful hunter with fresh ardour. Day after day I searched for the grey squirrel, the woodpecker, the snipe, and the snow bird, for this was all my employment.

The gun was another instrument put into my hands, which I was taught to use both carefully and skilfully. Seldom do accidents occur from the use of fire-arms among our people. I delighted in running after the deer, in order to head and shoot them. It was a well known fact that I ranked high among the hunters. I remember the first deer I ever shot,—it was about one mile north of the village of Keene. The Indians, as has just been said, once had a custom, which is now done away, of making a great feast of the first deer that a young hunter caught: the young hunter, however, was not to partake of any of it, but wait upon the others. All the satisfaction he could realise, was to thump his heels on the ground, while he and others were singing the following hunter's song:—

"Ah yah ba wah, ne gah me koo nah vah!
Ah yah wa seeh, ne gah me koo nah nah."*

The fattest of the bucks I'll take,
The choicest of all animals I'll take.

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* These lines are sung over and over again, for about half an hour.

In the days of our ignorance we used to dance around the fire. I shudder when I think of those days of our darkness. I thought the Spirit would be kind to me if I danced before the old men; and day after day, or night after night, I have been employed with others in this way. I thank God that those days will never return.

CHAPTER III.

——————— What are these,
So withered and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't ?—*S.*

HOWEVER absurd may have been our notions of the multiplied deities of the earth, yet, as a general thing, the Ojibways, as well as many others, believed that there was but one Great Spirit, who made the world; they gave him the name of good or benevolent; *kesha* is benevolent, *monedoo* is spirit; Ke-sha-mon-e-doo. They supposed he lived in the heavens; but the most of the time he was in the *sun*. They said it was from him they received all that was good through life, and that he seldom needs the offering of his red children, for he was seldom angry.

They also said he could hear all his children, and see them. He was the author of all things that they saw, and made the other spirits that were acknowledged by the Ojibways. It was said that these other spirits took special care of the various departments of nature. The god of the *hunter* was one who presided over the animals; the god of *war*

was one who controlled the destinies of men; the god of *medicine* was one who presided over the herbs of the earth. The fishes had their god, and there was another over the moon and stars!

> "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake."

There was one unappeasable spirit, called the Bad Spirit, Mah-je-mah-ne-doo. He, it was thought, lived under the earth; and to him was attributed all that was not good, bad luck, sickness, even death. To him they offered sacrifices more than to any other spirit, of things most dear to them. There were three things that were generally offered to the Bad Spirit, viz., a dog, whiskey, and tobacco, —fit offerings, with the exception of the poor dog. The poor dog was painted red on its paws, with a large stone and five plugs of tobacco tied about its neck; it was then sunk in the water; while the beating of the drum took place upon the shore, and words were chanted to the Bad Spirit.

The whiskey was thus offered to the Bad Spirit:— When the Indians were seated around the wigwam, or on the grass, and the person who dealt out the whiskey had given all the Indians a dram, then the devil was to have his share; it was poured on the ground, and if it went down quickly, it was thought he accepted the offering.

Fire-water was sometimes poured out near the

head of the graves of the deceased, that their spirits might drink with their former friends. I have often seen them sit around the grave, and, as they drank, make mention of the name of their dead, and pour some whiskey on the ground.

Our religion consisted in observing certain ceremonies every spring. Most of the Ojibways around us used to come and worship the Great Spirit with us at Rice Lake. At this festival a great many of the youth were initiated into the medical mysteries of the nation. We were taught the virtues of herbs, and the various kinds of minerals used in our medicine. I will here describe the Me-tae-we-gah-mig, or Grand Medicine Lodge. It was a wigwam 150 feet long and 15 feet wide. The clan of medicine men and women alone were allowed to be inside, at each sitting, with their medicine badge, on each side of the wigwam. Then there were four old men who took the lead in singing, and beating the drum, as they stood near the centre. Before them were a company who were to take degrees. There were four grades in the institution. A medicine man is the most important personage in the worship of the Indians. He is the high priest of the ceremony, and keeps all the records of traditions and emblems. He is also the keeper of the great bag which is full of herbs, which is opened only when lectures are given for to illustrate them.

He is supposed to possess a great power over man and beast, and, therefore, to court his favour was an object worthy the consideration of young men.

After the singing commenced, the whole company arose and danced, as they moved from one end of the wigwam to the other. As they go round, one-half of them cast their heads down upon their bosoms, as if affected by the medicine, which was kept in small skins, and which they pretended to thrust at each other: this was done to deceive the ignorant. These forms were continued several days. The party to be made medicine men and women looked on in the meantime, to see what they would have to do themselves. Then they are taken to another place with our medicine men, and are taught the science of medicine. After receiving instructions, another day was allotted to give them instruction on morality. They were advised on various subjects. All were to keep silence, and endeavour to retain what they were taught. I will here give some of the sayings of our medicine men:—

"If you are a good hunter, warrior, and a medicine man, when you die you will have no difficulty in getting to the far west in the spirit land."

"Listen to the words of your parents, never be impatient, then the Great Spirit will give you a long life."

"Never pass by any indigent person without giving him something to eat. Owh wah-yah-bak-mek ke-gah-shah-w a-ne-mig—the Spirit that sees you will bless you."

"If you see an orphan in want, help him; for you will be rewarded by his friends here, or thanked by his parents in the land of spirits."

"If you own a good hunting dog, give it to the first poor man who really needs it."

"When you kill a deer, or bear, never appropriate it to yourself alone, if others are in want; never withhold from them what the Great Spirit has blessed you with."

"When you eat, share with the poor children who are near you, for when you are old they will administer to your wants."

"Never use improper medicine to the injury of another, lest you yourself receive the same treatment."

"When an opportunity offers, call the aged together, and provide for them venison properly cooked, and give them a hearty welcome; then the gods that have favoured them will be your friends."

These are a few specimens of the advice given by our fathers, and by adhering to their counsels the lives, peace, and happiness of the Indian race were secured; for then there was no whiskey among them. O! that accursed thing. O! why did the

white man give it to my poor fathers? None but fiends in human shape could have introduced it among us.

I recollect the day when my people in Canada were both numerous and happy; and since then, to my sorrow, they have faded away like frost before the heat of the sun! Where are now that once numerous and happy people? The voice of but few is heard.

When I think of them, I feel pained to know that many have fallen a prey to its soul and body-destroying influence. I could adopt the language of the poet:—

"I will go to my tent and lie down in despair,
I will paint me with black, and sever my hair,
I will sit on the shore where the hurricane blows,
And relate to the God of the tempest my woes;
I will for a season on bitterness feed,
For my kindred are gone to the mounds of the dead,
But they died not of hunger, nor wasting decay,
For the drink of the white man hath swept them away."

The Ojibway nation, that nation unconquered in war, has fallen a prey to the withering influence of intemperance. Their buoyant spirits could once mount the air as on the wings of a bird. Now they have no spirits. They are hedged in, bound, and maltreated, by both the American and British governments. They have no other hope than that some day they will be relieved from their privations and trials by death. The fire-water has rolled

towards them like the waves of the sea. Alas, alas! my poor people! The tribe became dissipated, and consequently improvident, and often suffered intensely.

It was in visiting the interior that we always suffered most. I will here narrate a single circumstance which will convey a correct idea of the sufferings to which the Indians were often exposed. To collect furs of different kinds for the traders, we had to travel far into the woods and remain there the whole winter. Once we left Rice Lake in the fall, and ascended the river in canoes, above Belmont Lake. There were five families about to hunt with my father, on his grounds. The winter began to set in, and the river having frozen over, we left the canoes, the dried venison, the beaver, and some flour and pork; and when we had gone farther north, say about sixty miles from the whites, for the purpose of hunting, the snow fell for five days in succession to such a depth that it was impossible to shoot or trap anything. Our provisions were exhausted, and we had no means to procure any more. Here we were. The snow about five feet deep; our wigwam buried; the branches of the trees falling around us, and cracking from the weight of the snow.

Our mother boiled birch bark for my sister and myself, that we might not starve. On the seventh

day, some of them were so weak that they could not raise themselves, and others could not stand alone. They could only crawl in and out of the wigwam. We parched beaver skins and old moccasins for food. On the ninth day, none of the men were able to go abroad, except my father and uncle. On the tenth day, being still without food, those only who were able to walk about the wigwam were my father, my grandmother, my sister, and myself. O how distressing to see the starving Indians lying about the wigwam with hungry and eager looks! The children would cry for something to eat. My poor mother would heave *bitter sighs of despair*, the tears falling from her cheeks profusely as she kissed us. Wood, though plenty, could not be obtained, on account of the feebleness of our limbs.

My father, at times, would draw near the fire, and rehearse some prayer to the gods. It appeared to him that there was no way of escape; the men, women, and children dying; some of them were speechless. The wigwam was cold and dark, and covered with snow. On the eleventh day, just before daylight, my father fell into a sleep; he soon awoke and said to me, "My son, the Great Spirit is about to bless us; this night, in my dream, I saw a person coming from the east, walking on the tops of the trees. He told me that we should obtain two beavers this morning about nine o'clock. Put

on your moccasins and go along with me to the river, and we will hunt the beaver, perhaps for the last time." I saw that his countenance beamed with delight; he was full of confidence. I put on my moccasins and carried my snow shoes, staggering along behind him, about half a mile. Having made a fire near the river, where there was an air-hole, through which the beaver had come up during the night, my father tied a gun to a stump, with the muzzle towards the air-hole; he also tied a string to the trigger, and said, "should you see the beaver rise, pull the string and you will kill it." I stood by the fire with the string in my hand. I soon heard a noise occasioned by the blow of his tomahawk; he had killed a beaver, and he brought it to me. As he laid it down, he said, "then the Great Spirit will not let us die here;" adding, as before, "if you see the beaver rise, pull the string." He left me; I soon saw the nose of one, but I did not shoot. Presently another came up; I pulled the trigger, and off the gun went. I could not see for some time for the smoke. My father ran towards me, took the two beavers and laid them side by side; then pointing to the sun, said, "Do you see the sun? The Great Spirit informed me that we should kill these two about this time this morning. We will yet see our relatives at Rice Lake; now let us go home and see if they are still alive." We

hastened home, and arrived just in time to save them from death. Since which, we visited the same spot, the year after the missionaries came among us. My father, with feelings of gratitude, knelt down on the spot where we had nearly perished. Glory to God! But what have I done for him since? Comparatively nothing. We were just at death's door, when Christianity rescued us. I have heard of many who have perished in this way, far in the woods. In my travels to the west, I have met many whose families had perished, and who had themselves merely escaped starvation. May God forgive me, for my ingratitude and indolence in his blessed cause!

I will here introduce a favourite war song of the Ojibway nation. It was accompanied by dancing, and an occasional war-whoop. At the end of each stanza, a warrior rehearsed some former victories, which inspired them with ardour for war. Unchristianised Indians are often like greedy lions after their prey; yes, at times, they are indeed cruel and blood-thirsty. I have met with warriors who, when they had killed their enemies, cut open their breasts, took out their hearts, and drank their blood; and all this was out of mere *revenge*. But to the *War Song*, which was first translated for Col. McKinney, "*the Indian's friend*," on the shore of Lake Superior.

"On that day when our heroes lay low—lay low—
On that day when our heroes lay low,
I fought by their side, and thought, ere I died,
Just vengeance to take on the foe—the foe—
Just vengeance to take on the foe.

"On that day when our chieftains lay dead—lay dead—
On that day when our chieftains lay dead,
I fought hand to hand, at the head of my band,
And *here, on my breast*, have I bled—have I bled—
And here, on my breast, have I bled.

"Our chiefs shall return no more—no more—
Our chiefs shall return no more—
And their brothers in war, who can't show scar for scar,
Like women their fates shall deplore—shall deplore—
Like women their fates shall deplore.

"Five winters in hunting we'll spend—we'll spend—
Five winters in hunting we'll spend—
Then, our youths grown to men, to the war lead again,
And our days like our fathers we'll end—we'll end—
And our days like our fathers we'll end."

CHAPTER IV.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—*S.*

SUPERSTITION raises and nurses children from the cradle—through the wide world. Laugh as we may at another's simplicity and folly, the civilised and uncivilised have always had their notions of ghost-spirits.

Our people believed much in omens. The barking of foxes and of wolves, the bleating of the deer, the screeching of owls, bad luck in hunting, the flight of uncommon kinds of birds, the moaning noise of a partridge, the noise of a *chuck chuck ske sey*,* were ominous of ill; the two last were certain omens of death. But the sailing of an eagle to and fro, and the noise of a raven, were omens of good.

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* To this bird I have given its *Indian* name, because I have not been able to discover it among the collections of the various birds in the books and in the museums. It is about the size of the smaller kind of parrot. The colour of its feathers is like that of a jay, having short wings, small and broad beak, with an upper and lower row of teeth, like a human being. In this last respect, it is different from any other bird. It takes its name from the sound it utters,—viz., *chuck, chuck.*

Dreams, too, were much relied on by our nation. They thought the spirits revealed to them what they were to do, and what they should be,—viz., good hunters, warriors, and medicine men. I would fast sometimes two, and sometimes even four days. When fasting, we were to leave the wigwam early in the morning, and travel all day from one place to another, in search of the favour of the gods. I was taught to believe that the gods would communicate with me, in the shape of birds, animals, &c., &c. When I fell asleep in the woods, and dreamed some strange dream, I felt confident that it was from the spirits. I will now relate what I dreamed when I was but twelve years old, and also my father's interpretation of my dream.

Myself and others were sleeping far from the wigwam, near a large pine. I saw, in my dream, a person coming from the east; he approached, walking on the air: he looked down upon me, and said, "Is this where you are?" I said, "Yes." "Do you see this pine?" "Yes, I see it." "It is a great and high tree." I observed that the tree was lofty, reaching towards the heavens—its branches extended over land and water, and its roots were very deep. "Look on it while I sing; yes, gaze upon the tree." He sang, and pointed to the tree; it commenced waving its top; the earth about its roots was heaved up, and the

waters roared and tossed from one side of their beds to the other. As soon as he stopped singing, and let fall his hands, everything became perfectly still and quiet. "Now," said he, "sing the words which I have sung." I commenced as follows:—

"It is I who travel in the winds,
It is I who whisper in the breeze;
I shake the trees,
I shake the earth,
I trouble the waters on every land."

While singing, I heard the winds whistle, saw the tree waving its top, the earth heaving, heard the waters roaring, because they were all troubled and agitated. Then said he, "I am from the rising of the sun; I will come and see you again. You will not see me often: but you will hear me speak." Thus spoke the spirit, and then turned away towards the road from which he had come. I told my father of my dream, and, after hearing all, he said, "My son, *the god of the winds* is kind to you; the aged tree, I hope, may indicate long life; the wind may indicate that you will travel much; the water which you saw, and the winds, will carry your canoe safely through the waves."

I relied much on my dream, for then I knew no better. But, however, little reliance can be placed in dreams; yet may not the Great Spirit take

this method, sometimes, to bring about some good result?

There was no such thing known among our people as swearing, or profaning the name of the Great Spirit. The whites first taught them to swear. I often swore, when I knew not what I said. I have seen some *white faces* with *black hearts*, who took delight in teaching them to profane the name of God. O merciless, heartless, and wicked white men, may a merciful God forgive you your enormous turpitude and recklessness!

There was a custom among us, before Christianity visited us, that when the Ojibways intended to take a general whiskey "spree," several young men were appointed by the head chief to collect all the fire-arms, knives, war-clubs and other weapons, and keep them in a secret place, till the Indians had completed their frolic. This was done to prevent them from murdering each other when intoxicated. By this means many lives have been saved; although many have been killed during their drunken fights. They would walk very far for a dram of liquor. I once heard of an individual, whom I had seen many times, who would travel all day for a single drink of fire-water. When he arrived at the trading post, he obtained and guzzled down a cup full of whiskey. When the poison had operated, he said that he felt as if his head was going down

his throat; and added, "Whah! I wish my neck was a mile long, so that I might feel and hear the whiskey running all the way down!"

A certain Indian once teased a Mrs. F. for whiskey, which he said was to cure his "*big toe*," that had been badly bruised the preceding night. Mrs. F. said, "I am afraid you will drink it." He declared he would not drink it; and after much pleading, she handed him some; he took it, and looking first at his toe, and then at the liquor, alternately, all of a sudden he slipped the whiskey down his throat, at the same time exclaiming, as he pointed to his toe, "There, *whiskey*, go down to my poor big toe."

One of our people, who had much resolution, and was determined to seek religion, when he heard that the Methodist Indians were not to drink any more fire-water, remarked as follows:—

"*Well, if that is the case, I'll go to-night, and bid my old friend whiskey a final farewell.*" He went, and drank and caroused with his rum-companions all night. On the following day, about noon, he came staggering towards his wigwam, singing out to all whom he met, "*Me goes to Methodist; me no drink little more; me am Methodist.*" He was true to his word, for he drank no more, and the Lord blessed him in the forgiveness of all his sins. For eighteen years he was a consistent

Christian, and died last June, with the brightest hopes of immortal bliss. Oh! the heights and depths of the goodness and mercy of God!

In view of these things, I have often exclaimed from the bottom of my heart, in the language of "The Indian's Regret," and which is the language of all who have been brought from darkness to the marvellous light of the Gospel:—

"O had our Indian fathers known
What prophets told of Christ and heaven!
For them we drop a tear and mourn,
But weep for joy our sins forgiven."

CHAPTER V.

Rash, fruitless war, from wanton glory waged,
Is only splendid murder.—*T.*

THE *traditions* handed down from father to son were held very sacred; one half of these are not known by the white people, however far their researches may have extended. There is an unwillingness, on the part of the Indians, to communicate many of their traditions. The only way to come at these is to educate the Indians, so that they may be able to write out what they have heard, or may hear, and publish it. Should I be spared till next summer, I design to visit my people in the far west, and abide with them long enough to learn the rest of their traditions, with an account of their migration to this country.* My own belief is, that they came to this country, and fought with the original inhabitants; and having overpowered them, became the owners of the soil. I

* This tradition history of the Ojibways will soon be given to the public, and each may judge for himself with reference to the former history of our Indians.

will not now give my reasons for this belief, as I expect at some future day to collect all the necessary information for this purpose, from histories and discoveries, corroborated by these traditions. My readers will then be able to judge whether we are to be identified with the dispersed and "lost tribes of Israel." Can it be possible that, had we sprung from any of the Hebrew tribes, we should be so completely ignorant of a Messiah, a Sabbath, or a single vestige of the Levitical law? But enough of this for the present.

As far as I am able to learn, our nation has never been conquered; and have maintained their ground wherever they have conquered. The *Saxe* tribe have tried their ingenuity, power and bravery, to drive them from the south shore of Lake Superior. The *Hurons* mustered their warriors against the aggressions made by the Ojibway nation. Their war canoes were once directed against the Ojibway nation, but they were obliged to turn back, and flee for protection to the Shawnee nation. The sound of the war-whoop, which once rang all around the shores of Lake Huron, receded, and died away on the waters of Sandusky. The arms that once wielded the war-club were strewed about their grounds, on account of broken treaties made in former days, and massacres at the mouth of French River. The *Iraquois*, who struck terror wherever

their mere names were mentioned, also tried to check our progress, after we had conquered the Hurons. Their war-whoops resounded over the dismal regions of the conquered land; but they, too, shared the same fate. They went, as spies, as far as La Pointe, on the south shore of Lake Superior; but not with their armies any farther than Kewa-o-non, in the copper regions. Here they were massacred by hundreds, and fell in their canoes at one of the narrow passes, on their way to the portage, about fourteen miles from the Bay of Aunce. After these fruitless attempts to drive the Ojibways from their land, they fought many battles with them in the regions now called Canada West; but in these they suffered much, and were defeated. It was then, probably, that the Hurons and Iraquois leagued together, hoping by their combined forces to conquer us. This accounts for the confederacy that existed when the whites came among them.

The migration of the Ojibways has been traced from the upper part of Lake Superior, and even several hundred miles above its head, along the shore of Lake Superior, down to Lake Huron, St. Clair, the foot of Lake Michigan, north of Lakes Erie and Ontario, and some distance down the St. Lawrence.

They now inhabit a portion of land extending about 2000 miles east and west, and from 250 to 300

miles from north to south. They have in each village a chief who governs them, besides a great number of war chiefs. Each village has a council of its own, made up of the different tribes. A tribe is a band of Indians whose sign or mark is the same; for example, such as wear the sign of the *crane*, recognise each other as relatives; and although each village may be composed of different tribes, yet they must be of the same nation.

Councils of peace must be held by two nations. These councils are held in high esteem. When two nations are at war, if either sues for peace, they hand to each other some token, such as a belt of wampum (or beads), or a calumet (a long pipe.)

There was once a general council held between the Hurons and the Ojibways; it was conducted in the following manner:—They came together near Sault St. Marie, and agreed upon a peace for five years. After the pipe of peace was prepared, the Ojibway and Huron warriors arranged themselves in two lines, on each side of their chiefs, and said that they must ascertain whether the Great Spirit would approve of their proceedings. Two from each nation were chosen: the Hurons held the pipe filled with tobacco; the Ojibways, the steel, flint, and spunk. The steel was then struck against the flint, and if, on the first stroke, the spunk was ignited, so as to fire the tobacco, and thus enable

the warrior to draw in and to emit a volume of smoke, then the evidence was complete that the Great Spirit approved of their plans and proceedings; and the whole assembly now would set up the most tremendous shout of joy. The two nations were successful in this. The shout was given, peace was secured, and these two powerful nations separated for their own homes. For three years, no dark cloud hung over the two nations.

The Ojibways began to trade with the whites at Quebec. It usually required all the summer to journey from the shore of Lake Superior to that place and back again. These were tedious and perilous journeys; but they were determined to obtain "*the snake which spit fire, smoke and death;*" this was their description of *a gun* to their brethren.

It was during these journeys that forty of them were massacred by the Hurons, at the mouth of French River, without the least provocation; plunder alone was their object. This, in connection with similar acts, occasioned that war which resulted in their complete extermination from Canada by our nation.

The *future state* of the Ojibways was in the *Far West.* They described that state or country *as being full of game,* and with *trees loaded with fruit of every description.*

When an Indian warrior died on the field of

battle, his soul, it was said, took its immediate flight to this paradise. The souls of those, however, who died in other circumstances, it was believed, departed from the grave, and journeyed in the ordinary way, although unseen by mortals, to this same land.

There was a difficult bridge near this land, over which the soul was to cross. A warrior, hunter, or medicine man, would have no difficulty in crossing this bridge. Under this bridge was a rapid stream, and he who was not a good warrior, hunter, or medicine man, would either fall into the water, or lose his way, after having crossed, in some barren country, where there was no game or fruit, although there might be, occasionally, a deer, or the like. O, how barren! How dismal! A place where distress, want, and despair would continue! On the other hand, the favoured warrior entered the fields of paradise, amidst the shouts and welcome of his fellow-warriors, who had preceded him to this land of plenty. The deer, the moose, the elk, and all kinds of animals, fruits, flowers, and the singing of birds fill and charm the land; while the ever rolling valleys are visited with delightful and refreshing winds. To kill, eat, and shoot, are their only employments. No sickness, no fatigue, no death, will ever visit them. The valleys and the mountains are to be clothed with evergreens. No

winter to chill the earth. A carnal heaven indeed! A sensual paradise! Oh! the credulous and misguided Indian!

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
Whose soul proud science never taught to stray
Beyond the solar walk or milky way.
Yet simple nature to his hopes has given,
Beyond the cloud-topped hill, a humble heaven,
Some safer world in depths of woods embraced,
Some distant island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
Nor fiends torment, nor Christian thirsts for gold."

Pope.

My father often spoke of that country, while I was young. He informed me, that if I should become a great warrior, a hunter, or a medicine man, I would have no difficulty in reaching that happy spot. Little then did he know of a *heaven revealed in the Gospel.* That heaven, where angels and pure spirits dwell, and where we shall see the blessed Jesus as he is, and, what is a still greater honour, be like him.

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

"My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad
The honours of thy Name.

"Oh uh pa-gish ke che ingo' dwok,
Neej uh ne she nag baig,
Che nuh nuh guh mo tuh wah wod
Niug e zha Mun e-doom.

"Ning e che Noo sa weej e shin,
Che ween duh mah ga yon,
O mah a ne gook kuh me gog
A zhe wa be ze yun.

"Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace."

"Jesus! kah be 'non duh we 'nung
Kah gah see beeng wa 'nung;
Ka gait 'che me no ne kah zo,
Kah noo je mo e nung."

When our warriors were dying, they told their children that they would soon reach the happy country. Their eyeballs, rolling in death, were turned towards the setting sun. O white man! why did you not tell us before, that there was a better heaven than that of the Indian's? Did not the blessed Saviour command, "Go ye into *all* the world and preach the Gospel to every creature?" Reader, almost by the door of your churches, my forefathers perished for the lack of the bread of life, while you have reached out your arms, and extended your means for the relief of those *in distant lands!* O what a thought! Thousands have already perished, and thousands more will yet perish, unless converted to God. The thought of *perishing!* how *insufferable!* O how *intolerable!*

"O mercy, O mercy, look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven."

CHAPTER VI.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.—*H. W. S.*

Rice Lake, that beautiful lake, extends about twenty-five miles. On each side of the lake are high hills, which soon rise from the edge of the water to the top. This lake beautifully winds along a mountainous region, and is from two to three miles in breadth, running from north-east to south-west. It contains about twenty islands. Large quantities of wild rice abound in almost every part of the lake; it resembles fields of wheat. As ducks of all kinds resort here in great abundance, to feed upon the rice, there is consequently much good game in the fall of the year. They fly in large flocks, and often appear like clouds. Some of the islands just referred to are beautiful; for example, *Sugar Island*, with its beautiful edge of evergreens near the water; *Spoke Island*, a place of fashionable summer resort. One of the largest of these islands contains about three hundred acres.

In 1818, our people surrendered to the British

Government a large part of their territory, for the sum of £750; reserving, as they had good reason to believe, all the islands. As they could neither read nor write, they were ignorant of the fact that these islands were *included* in the sale. They were repeatedly told, by those who purchased for the Government, that the islands were *not* included in the articles of agreement. But, since that time, some of us have learned to read, and to our utter astonishment, and to the everlasting disgrace of that *pseudo* Christian nation, we find that we have been most grossly abused, deceived, and cheated. Appeals have been frequently made, but all in vain.

Rice Lake contains quantities of the finest fish. In the summer great numbers of boats may be seen trowling for *mascalounge*, a species of pike, some of which weigh about thirty pounds. Bass, eels, &c., are also found in this lake. Since locks have been made on the canal down to Crooke's rapids, much fur can be procured all around the lake, especially *muskrats*—Shah-won-dase O dah me koo mun.

This is the spot on which I roamed during my early days. Often have I gone with my birch-bark canoe, from island to island, in quest of ducks and fish. The plain on the south shore is called Whortleberry Plain. A steamboat runs from Gore's Landing to Peterboro once a day.

The village of the Ojibways is on the north; the

land gradually slopes towards the water. Its farms, church, school-house, and council-house, can be seen at a considerable distance. It was here where the Rev. James Evans, whose obituary was noticed in the following manner in the "Albany Evening Journal," December 22, 1846, first taught an Indian school.

"Suddenly, on the 23rd of November, at Keelby, England, Rev. James Evans, for many years a Wesleyan Missionary in Canada, and the territory of the Hudson Bay Company. On Sunday, the 22nd, he preached twice, and on Monday evening, 23rd, spoke at a missionary meeting with great fervency. He had complained of a slight indisposition previous to the meeting; but, after he had finished his address, he said that 'his indisposition had been completely removed.' Soon after his head fell back and life was gone."

He was a missionary in every sense of the word. From Rice Lake he went to Lake Superior, and afterwards to the Hudson Bay territory, where he laboured with much success. His precious life was spent in rescuing the Ojibway nation from misery and degradation. Fatigue and hunger were often his companions; but the power of living faith was that on which his soul feasted. O thou man of God, enviable are thy labours, thy rest, and thy glory! I, myself, still hold in sweet remembrance

the sacred truths which thou didst teach me, even the commands of the Most High! *Memory*, like an angel, will still hover over the sacred spot, where first you taught me the letters of the alphabet.

There are numerous lakes near Rice Lake, about some of which the Ojibways reside, particularly Mud, Schoogaug, and Balsam Lakes. The country, in this vicinity, is rapidly increasing in population; the whites are continually settling among us. The deer was plenty a few years ago, but now only a few can be found. The Ojibways are, at present, employed in farming instead of hunting; many of them have good and well cultivated farms. They not only raise grain enough for their own use, but often sell much to the whites.

The Canadian Commissioners on Indian affairs, in their report to Parliament, in 1845, remarked, in relation to the Rice Lake Indians, as follows:— "These Indians are Methodists, and have either a resident missionary, or have been regularly visited by the missionary belonging to the Alnwick settlement. They have a school, and a school-master is supported by the Methodist Missionary Society."

CHAPTER VII.

He patient showed us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend sincere;
He taught us how to live; and (O! too high
The price of knowledge) taught us how to die.—*A.*

SEVERAL years we had been with the English people after the war, and learned to drink the *fire-water* of the Paleface. The day at last arrived when we were to learn something better from them.

The missionaries first visited us on the island called *Be-quah-qua-yong*, in 1827, under the following circumstances. My father and I went to Port Hope, to see our principal trader, John D. Smith, in order to obtain goods and whiskey, about twelve miles from Rice Lake. After my father had obtained the goods, he asked for whiskey. Mr. Smith said, "John, do you know that whiskey will yet kill you, if you do not stop drinking? Why, all the Indians at Credit River, and at Grape Island, have abandoned drinking, and are now Methodists. I cannot give you any whiskey."

"*Tah yah!* (an exclamation of surprise,) *it cannot be; I must* have whiskey to carry home; my people expect it," said my father. He wished to buy a

barrel, but only obtained, after much pleading, about five gallons. My father *promised* to drink no more when the missionaries should have come to Rice Lake. We reached home the same day, about one o'clock, and the Indians were awaiting our arrival, that they might have some fire-water. They assembled themselves together and began to drink and to smoke. Many of them were sitting on the grass when the whiskey began to steal away their brains. One of our number suddenly ran into the crowd, and said, "*The black coats* (missionaries) are coming, and are on the other side of the point." Each looked at the other with perfect astonishment. My father said to our informer, "Invite them to come over to us;" and to the one who was dealing out whiskey, "cover the keg with your blanket, and don't let the black coats see it." The whiskey was concealed, and then came the messengers of glad tidings of great joy. They were converted Indians, saved by grace, and had been sent to preach to us, and to invite us to attend a camp meeting near Cobourg. After shaking hands all around, one of them delivered a speech to the half-drunken Indians. He referred to the day when they were without the good news of *salvation*. He spoke with great earnestness, and the tears fell from his eyes. He said, "*Jesus Christ, Ke-sha-mon-e-doo O-gwe-son*, (i. e., the Benevolent Spirit's

Son,) came down to the world, and died to save the people; all the Indians at the Credit River and Grape Island are now on their road to the place where the Saviour has gone. Jesus has left a book containing his commands and sayings to all the world; you *will see it, and hear it read,* when you go to Cobourg, for the black coats have it. They wish you to come and hear it. To-morrow is the *Sabbath,* and on that day we do not hunt, or work, for it is the day which the Great Spirit made for himself." He described the way that the Son of God was crucified. I observed some of them crying; my mother heaved deep sighs; the half-drunken Indians were struck dumb, and hung their heads. Not a word was uttered. The missionaries said, "We will *sing,* and then we will *kneel down* and *pray* to the Great Spirit." He gave out the following hymn:—

"Jesus ish pe ming kah e zhod."

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone."

They stood up and sang. O what sweet melody was in their voices! The echo was so great that there appeared to be a great many more singers than we could see. After the hymn, they prayed with the same fervency as they sang.

Peter Wason prayed, and in his prayer said, "O Great Spirit! here are some of my own relatives

open their eyes and save them !" After the prayer, they said they were going to Cobourg that evening; and if any desired to go with them, they would have them do so.

My father arose and took the keg of whiskey, stepped into one of the small canoes, and paddled some thirty feet from the shore; here he poured out the whiskey into the lake, and threw the keg away. He then returned and addressed us in the following manner:—"You have all heard what our brothers said to us; I am going with them this evening; if any of you will go, do so this evening; the children can attend the great meeting some other time." Every one ran at once to the paddles and canoes, and in a few minutes we were on the water. The missionaries had a skiff, in which they went from the island to the opposite side. They sang again, and their very oars seemed to keep time on the still water. O how charming! The scenery of the water; the canoes moving in files, crossing the lake to visit their first camp meeting. When we arrived on the other side, it was about dusk, and we bought five candles for a *dollar (!)*, and obtained an old lantern. We marched on a new road the whole of Saturday night, in order to reach the camp ground. During the journey, we had to wade through deep creeks. Just before the dawn, we were about half a mile from the camp

ground; here we tarried until daylight, and then approached the camp.

When the Indians beheld the fence and the gate, and a great number of whites, they began to feel rather timid and suspicious, for the trader had told my father at Rice Lake, that *it was for the purpose of killing all the Indians* that the black coats had invited them to the meeting. My father told me to keep away from the ground, and hunt birds and squirrels with my bow and arrow; his object was to save my life, in the event of the Indians being killed. After remaining on the camp ground awhile, I departed; but while there, I saw a large number of converted Indians who belonged to Credit River and Grape Island. Some of them were singing, some praying, and others lying about the ground as if dead. There were a great many preachers present.

On the third day many of our company were converted; among this number was my dear father!

As I entered the ground in the afternoon, I heard many voices, and among them my father's voice. I thought my father was dying; I ran to him; and found him lying partly on one of the seats. "My father," said I, "what is the matter with you? Are you sick?" "Come here, my son; I am not sick, but I am happy." He placed his hand upon his breast while he spoke. "I told you, you must

keep away from the ground, that your life might be spared; but I find that these are good, and not bad people; kneel down and I will pray for you." I knelt, while he prayed. This was *my father's first prayer!* The people were all around me kneeling, and most of them praying. The feeling was so general and powerful, that the influence was felt throughout the camp, both by the Indians and the whites. This was one of the happiest seasons I ever witnessed, except the season of my own conversion. Many of my relatives were converted on this occasion. Many of them have since gone to the world of spirits, and are now singing the praises of redeeming love. This *heavenly fire* began to spread from the camp to Mud, Schoogaug, and Balsam Lakes, the homes of the Ojibways; also to the shores of Lake Simeco and Lake Huron, and to the vicinity of Lake Superior.

"Waft, waft, ye winds his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole."

On the camp ground, the Ojibways sat in squads, giving and receiving instruction in singing, learning and teaching the Lord's prayer, and other things. Some were singing,

"Jesus, kuh ba ke zhig
Ning ee e nuh uh moz,
Uh pa gish kuh ke nuh wahb' dum
'wod
Ning ee 'nuh da moosh
A zhe o ne zhe shing,
O ge che o duh nuh me ah win."

"Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried;
He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me."

The *conversion of my mother* took place during the summer, on Poutash Island, where the Indians had erected a bark chapel. For two years she lived in the enjoyment of religion. Before this chapel was ready she would call us together in the wigwam, and pray with and for us, several times a day, whether our father was at home or not. I remember well, at this moment, the language of her prayers.

She was taken sick in the winter of 1829, and was confined to her bed, most of the time, for three months; her disease was consumption. During these three months she enjoyed much religion; there was not a day in which she did not speak of Jesus and his promises with the greatest confidence and delight.

When she grew worse, she called for the class leaders to pray with her. She said to her mother, whom she supposed would die first, because her hair was *white*, "You will still live, but I am going to die, and will see Jesus first; soon, however, you will follow me."

The spirit of my dear mother took its flight on

the 27th day of February, 1830. Just before her death, she prayed with her children; and advised us to be good Christians, to love Jesus, and meet her in heaven. She then sang her favourite hymn—

"Jesus ish pe ming kah e zhod."
"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone."

This was the first hymn she had ever heard or learned; and it is on this account that I introduce and sing this sweet hymn, whenever I lecture "On the origin, history, traditions, migration, and customs of the Ojibway nation." We all knelt again by her bed-side, and while clapping her hands, and endeavouring to shout for joy, she swooned away in death. The last words, which she feebly uttered, were, "*Jesus, Jesus.*" Her spirit then fled, her lips were cold, and those warm hands that had so often and so faithfully administered comfort and relief, were now stiff. I looked around the wigwam; my father, sister, and brother sat near me, wringing their hands; they were filled with bitter grief, and appeared inconsolable. I then began to understand and appreciate fully her kindness and love. Who, who can, or will, take the place of a *mother?* Who will pray for us when we are sick or in distress? Her body was consigned to the grave without any parade. No church bell was tolled; but the whistling wind sounded through the woods. I have often knelt down, at the head of her grave,

and wished that the time would soon arrive when it might please God to relieve me from my troubles and cares, and conduct me to the abode of my beloved parent. My sister Sarah, too, who has since died, is doubtless with my mother. O how glorious the thought, *that both are now in heaven!* There is one spot where none will sigh for home. The flowers that blossom there, will never fade; the crystal waters that wind along those verdant vales, will never cease to send up their heavenly music! The clusters hanging from the trees overshadowing its banks will be immortal clusters; and the friends that meet will meet for ever!

Little then did I think that I should have to pass through so many afflictions, and so many hardships. O my mother, I am still in a *cold, uncharitable, miserable world!* But the thought that thou art happy and blessed, is truly sweet and encouraging! It is this fact, and my own hopes of future bliss, that buoy me up, and sustain me in the hours of conflict and despondency. Although many years have elapsed since her death, still I often weep with mingled joy and grief when I think of my dear mother. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The Gospel is the only remedy for the miseries and sins of the world.

My mother and sister's cases are not the only ones that I could relate concerning the happy lives and deaths of those once degraded and benighted Indians. Many have already reached heaven, and many more are now rejoicing on their road thither. Who will now say that the poor Indians cannot be converted? The least that Christians could have done, was to send the Gospel among them, after having dispossessed them of their lands; thus preparing them for usefulness here, and happiness hereafter. Let no one say that I am ungrateful in speaking thus. It was the *duty* of Christians to send us missionaries; and it is *now* their duty to send *more* of them. There are still 25,000 of my poor brethren in darkness, and without the Gospel. Let the prayers of all the churches ascend to the Most High in their behalf, that He who has power to deliver may save the poor Indian from misery, ignorance, and perdition.

CHAPTER VIII.

——————— While he lives,
To know no bliss but that which virtue gives;
And when he dies to leave a lofty name,
A light, a land-mark on the cliffs of fame.—*M.*

HERE comes the sunshine of my life. The first ray of light flashed in my soul, and, strange as it may appear, it remained. In the summer following my mother's death (1830), I felt that *I was converted.* The following are the circumstances connected with my conversion:—My father and I attended a camp meeting near the town of Colbourne. On our way from Rice Lake to the meeting, my father held me by the hand, as I accompanied him through the woods. Several times he prayed with me, and encouraged me to seek religion at this camp meeting. We had to walk thirty miles under a hot sun, in order to reach the place of destination. Multitudes of Indians, and a large concourse of whites from various places, were on the ground when we arrived. In the evening, one of the white preachers (Wright, I believe, was his name) spoke; his text was, "For the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall

be able to stand?" He spoke in English, and as he closed each sentence, an Indian preacher gave its interpretation. He spoke of the plain and good road to heaven; of the characters that were walking in it; he then spoke of the bad place, the judgment, and the coming of a Saviour. I now began to feel as if I was a sinner before God. Never had I felt so before; I was deeply distressed, and knew not the cause. I resolved to go and prostrate myself at the mourner's bench, as soon as an opportunity offered. We were now invited to approach. I went to the bench and knelt down by the roots of a large tree. But how could I pray? I did not understand how to pray; and besides, I thought that the Great Spirit was *too great* to listen to the words of a poor Indian boy. What added to my misery was, that it had rained in torrents about three quarters of an hour, and I was soaking wet. The thunder was appalling, and the lightning terrific. I then tried again to pray, but I was not able. I did not know what words to use. My father then prayed with and for me. Many were praising God, all around me. The storm now ceased, but nearly all the lights had been extinguished by the rain. I still groaned and agonised over my sins. I was so agitated and alarmed that I knew not which way to turn in order to get relief, and while kneeling down with the rest I

found relief, as though a stream had been let loose from the skies to my heart. Joy succeeded this knowledge, and, were I to live long, I never can forget the feelings with which I rose and spoke the following first English words—"*Glory to Jesus.*" I looked around for my father, and saw him. I told him that I had found "Jesus." He embraced me and kissed me; I threw myself into his arms. I felt as strong and happy, yet as humble as a poor Indian boy saved by grace. During that night I did not sleep. The next morning, my cousin, George Shawney, and myself, went out into the woods to sing and pray. As I looked at the trees, the hills, and the valleys, O how beautiful they all appeared! I looked upon them, as it were, with new eyes and new thoughts. Amidst the smiles of creation, the birds sang sweetly, as they flew from tree to tree. We sang

"Jesus, the name that charms our fears."

O how sweet the recollections of that day! "Jesus, all the day long, was my joy and my song." Several hundreds were converted during this meeting. Many of the Indians were reluctant to leave the camp ground when the meeting was broken up. When we reached our homes at Rice Lake, everything seemed to me as if it wore a different aspect; everything was clothed with

beauty. Before this, I had only begun to spell and read. I now resumed my studies with a new and different relish. Often, when alone, I prayed that God would help me to qualify myself to teach others how to read the word of God; this circumstance I had not told to any one. On Sabbath mornings I read a chapter in the New Testament, which had been translated for my father, before we went to meeting.

During this summer, one of our chiefs, John Sunday, with several others, departed from Rice Lake for the west, with a design to preach to the Ojibways. When they returned, they told us that the Indians were very eager to hear the word of God, and that many had been converted. John Sunday informed us of a certain Indian, who was so much opposed to the meetings that he confined his wife and children to one of the islands, to prevent her attending them. But this poor woman was so anxious to obey God in attendance on worship, that she was in the habit of fording the river every night, and carrying her children on her back. Her husband was afterwards converted. He mentioned also an instance of an Indian who brought his medicine sack with him to the meeting, but on being converted, he scattered its contents to the four winds of heaven. These sacks were held very sacred among the Indians. He spoke likewise of

the conversion of many chiefs, and of the flocks of children anxious to hear the word of God. He left such an impression on my mind, that often, while alone, I prayed that God might send me to instruct the children in the truths of religion.

I joined my father's class meeting, and as often as possible I attended school during the period of two years. In June, 1834, our white missionary, Daniel McMullen, received a letter from the Rev. Wm. Case, in which it was stated that a letter had been sent to him by the Rev. John Clark, who was then the superintendent of the mission on Lake Superior. The superintendent requested that two native preachers and two native teachers should be sent to him. John Johnson and I were told that we were to accompany Brothers John Taunchey and Caubage to Lake Superior, to aid Brother Clark.

Brother Caubage and my cousin Johnson took their departure. John Taunchey hesitated about going, because I was undecided, and my father felt unwilling at first to let me go.

One day I determined to leave the village so as to avoid going to Lake Superior; I hunted along the river Trent, hoping that John Taunchey would be gone before my return; I felt very unwilling to go. I was absent over two weeks; they were the longest two weeks I had ever experienced. Yet

the whole time I felt dissatisfied; something seemed to whisper to me, "George, go home, and go to Lake Superior with your uncle John Taunchey." I returned to the village. The first person I saw informed me that my uncle was waiting for me, and that my father had left it to me to decide whether to go or stay. Here I was; the missionaries came, and said, "George, your father has left it with you to go or stay. It is your duty to go; John is waiting, and to-day you must conclude." Our school-mistress, Miss Pinney, came and reasoned with me. I recollected, too, that I had prayed that God might prepare me to be useful to my brethren; and now, that I had some good reason to think that my prayers had been heard, and still to refuse to go, would perhaps be acting in opposition to the indications of God. I wept and prayed; but O! that night of struggle! I could not sleep. In the morning, I said to my father, "I have concluded to go; prepare me for my journey." That morning we were prepared; and on the 16th of July, 1834, about noon, we were on the shore. The canoe was ready; many of the Indians prayed with us on the beach. After shaking hands with my father and the rest, we bid farewell to all we loved so tenderly. We went on board the steam-boat "Great Britain," at Cobourg, and arrived at Toronto the next day. On the 20th July, we left in the stage for Holland

Landing; here we remained two days, for the want of a conveyance to the Snake Island mission. At this island we tarried the whole of the Sabbath with the Indians, and had some glorious meetings. They conveyed us to the Narrows mission. In crossing from Narrows to Cold Water mission, we were obliged to carry our trunks on our backs. About 11 o'clock we met two runaway horses on the road to Narrows. We caught them, tied our trunks on their backs, and led them back to Cold Water. Thus we were relieved of our heavy loads.

On Wednesday, the 26th July, we went from Cold Water mission to Pane-ta-wa-go-shene, where we saw a great number of Ojibways from Lake Superior, Ottowas, Menomenese, &c. Here we fell in with John Sunday, Frazer, and others, who were engaged in instructing the Indians in this vicinity.

An opportunity occurred now to go to Sault St. Marie, where the Rev. John Clark resided. We were out of provisions several times. By fishing and shooting gulls on our way, we were enabled to reach Sault, where we met Brother Clark, John Caubage, and cousin Johnson; this took place, I believe, on the 24th of August. We stayed here about two weeks, preparing to go to the Aunce, the Ke-wa-we-non mission. During our delay in this place, the Rev. Messrs. Chandler and Bourne (the

latter a member of the Illinois Conference) arrived. Brother Chandler has since died. My cousin, H. P. Chase, was Brother Clark's interpreter. The Indians were comfortable in their new houses. We held meetings with them several nights.

CHAPTER IX.

The clouds may drop down titles and estates,
Wealth may seek us, but wisdom must be sought.—*Y.*

I NOW began to feel the responsibility resting upon me. The thought of assuming the station of a teacher of the Indians, with so few capabilities, was enough to discourage more gifted men than myself. Frequently did I enter the woods and pour out my soul to God, in agony and tears. I trembled at what was before me, and said, "who is able for these things?" But a still small voice would answer, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Soothing words indeed, especially to an unlearned and feeble Red man—a mere worm of the dust.

Having provided everything necessary for our journey, and a residence of eight months at the Ke-wa-we-non mission, we started in company with Rev. Mr. Chandler, uncle John Taunchey, and the traders who intended to winter on the shores of Lake Superior and do business with the Ojibways. We were more than three weeks on our journey—three hundred and fifty miles. At one place, we were weather-bound for one week. Our French

companions were the most wicked of men. They would gnash their teeth at each other, curse, swear, and fight among themselves. The boat, oars, the winds, water, the teachers, &c., did not escape their execrations. I thought now that I understood what *hell* was, in a very clear manner. My very hairs would seem to stand, while I would be obliged to listen to their oaths, when they gave vent to their malevolence and passions. They would fight like beasts over their cooking utensils, and even while their food was in their mouths. I will just say here that I have often seen them eat boiled corn, with tallow for butter.

On our road, we saw the celebrated Pictured Rocks, Sand Banks, and Grand Island. On a point of the latter place we encamped. Every Sabbath I devoted about an hour in sighing and crying after *home*. "What good can *I do*, when I reach the place of labour?" was a question that often occurred to my mind. Still we were going farther and farther from home. We were obliged, too, to do our own cooking, washing, and mending.

At last, in September, we arrived at the Aunce Bay. Here, our house was no better than a wigwam; and yet we had to occupy it as a dwelling, a school-house, a meeting-house, and a council-room.

We commenced labouring among our poor people,

and those that had been Christianised were exceedingly glad to see us. Brothers Sunday and Frazer had already been among them more than a year. We began to build quite late in the fall, and although we removed a house from the other side of the bay, yet we experienced much inconvenience. We visited the Indians daily, for the purpose of conversing and praying with them. There were about thirty, who had, for more than a year, professed to experience a change of heart. As my uncle was experienced in conversing with the unconverted, I endeavoured to pursue his course in this respect. Each day we took a different direction in visiting the unconverted. We would sing, read the Scriptures, and then pray with them. Sometimes they would be impudent, and even abusive, but this did not discourage us, or deter us from our duty. By persevering, we soon discovered that the Lord was about to bless our efforts. While my uncle was visiting some four or five wigwams, I was visiting as many others—their wigwams being near us. Our influence, with God's blessing, was now felt among them. Singing and praying were their constant employments; and some of them seemed to know nothing else but the enjoyment of the truth of the Gospel, and that God can and does "forgive sin." They became the happiest of beings; their very souls were like

an escaped bird, whose glad wings had saved it from danger and death. Brother Chandler preached twice every Sabbath, and taught school every other week. One Sabbath, in January, 1835, Brother Chandler preached from these words, "*And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.*" He spoke with unusual liberty; I caught some of the *same fire* with which the sermon was delivered, and interpreted it with much ardour. O what a melting season it was! The anxious and expressive looks of the Indians—the tears streaming down their cheeks, all tended to add to the occasion. My readers, here was comfort! here was one bright spot, at least, in my chequered life, that I never can forget! My poor brethren appeared to swallow every word of the sermon as I interpreted it. One John Southwind, who had been notoriously cruel and revengeful, was among the humblest and the happiest. He had been a great *conjuror*.

On Sabbath evenings, every converted Indian would try to induce his relatives to embrace religion, and pray in the wigwams of their unconverted relatives. These happy scenes often made me forget home.

Many of the unconverted were very revengeful; but we let them expend their vengeance on the air. One of them, *Kah-be-wah-be-ko-kay*,—*i. e.* Spear Maker,—threatened to tomahawk us, if we should

come to his wigwam "with the white man's religion;" for, said he, "already some of my family are very sick and crazy." Notwithstanding this threat, we commenced our visits, and with no other weapon than a little calico bag containing our Testament and Hymn Book. Whenever he saw us near his wigwam (we were obliged to pass near his, in visiting other wigwams), he would run out, and grumble and growl like a bear escaping from its den for life. In this way we continued our visits, and had opportunities to converse with the family, which resulted in the conversion of all his children. In the month of February, he himself came to us, and pleaded earnestly for our forgiveness. He had gone out to hunt the marten, with his youngest daughter, who was about ten years old. While her father was preparing a marten trap, or dead-fall, as it is sometimes called, the daughter slipped behind a tree, knelt in the snow, and prayed for her father. The Lord heard her prayer. The old man "felt sick in his heart," and everything he looked at appeared to frown upon him, and to bid him "go to the missionaries, and they will tell you how you can be cured." He returned home three days earlier than he had intended. Just after day-dawn, we heard a number of Indians praying. John Southwind came in and said to us, "*Ke-ge-ke-wa-ye-wah, Kak-be-wah-be-koo-bay ke-che-ah-koo-*

sey," *i.e.* "Your friend *Spear Maker* is very sick; he wishes you to call at his wigwam and pray with him." This was good news indeed! We went at once, and prayed with him. He could not speak, but sat sobbing and sighing over the fire. We conversed with him, and then left him; but before breakfast he entered our house with his large medicine sack, containing little gods of almost every description. He stood before us, and said, "*Ah bay, ah was ah yah mook*,"—"Here, take this." He cast the bag, or sack, down upon the floor, and wept and sobbed bitterly, saying, "I have done all I could against you, but you have been my friends. I want you to pray for me, and to burn these gods, or throw them where I can never see them." Shortly after this interview, he obtained religion, and became truly happy in the Lord.

There were many equally interesting conversions about this time. I must here mention what was often very amusing to the missionaries, and would often create a smile, if nothing more. When some of the Indians were under *conviction*, they would take some of their own medicines (herbs) to cure their "sickness,"—for so they termed *conviction*. An old medicine man once sent a message to us, stating that his daughter was dying, and that it was caused by our singing and praying before her so much; he also added, that in the event of her

death, he would have his revenge by killing us, and insisted upon it that we must come immediately, and endeavour to relieve her. We went, and after having prayed with her for some time, she revived, and expressed her confidence that the Holy Spirit had operated upon her heart. The old man soon became convinced that his daughter was not dying, except unto *sin;* he, therefore, at once, became reconciled and delighted too.

We now commenced travelling on snow shoes within fifteen or twenty miles around where the Indians were hunting, praying and preaching to them. The Lord owned and blessed our labours wherever we went. We held prayer meetings in the woods. All this time the *Mah-jee Mon-e-doo* (Bad Spirit) was not asleep. In the spring the heathen party started in a body to visit their old friend *Spear Maker*, for the purpose of uniting with him in dancing, and in their medicine worship; but the old man had too much religion in him to gratify them. As soon as they discovered that they could not prevail upon the old man, they sent word to all, that they could excel us in worshipping the Great Spirit, and that they intended to hold their regular spring Grand Medicine Worship. Every night we held meetings. They commenced with their *paw-wahs* (singing), and beating of the drums, on the other side of the bay, and

continued it for a whole week. We kept up our usual meetings, and at the end of the week their drumming, singing, and dancing ceased. We continued our meetings for two months. The chief of this place was yet unconverted.

During this spring, Brother Clark, our superintendent, arrived from Sault St. Marie, with Brother William Herkimer and family, and my cousin Johnson. These were to take our places in the mission. We had now an excellent quarterly meeting. Brother Clark preached a sensible and warm sermon; my cousin interpreted it. It was a blessed time; over twenty were baptised before the services began. There was a circumstance which rendered the occasion peculiarly interesting; an old Indian woman of about eighty years came crawling to the meeting, for she was unable to walk; her name was Anna. The year before, she had travelled three hundred and fifty miles in a canoe, to be baptised by Brother Clark. She now lived about two miles from our mission, and on the Sabbath was brought to meeting in a canoe. But on this Sabbath the wind was so high that no canoe could be launched. In the morning, after the others had left, she started for meeting, and crawled over logs, through creeks, and other difficult places near the edges of rocks. Old Anna made her appearance in the house, to the astonishment as well as

to the delight of all. She seated herself in front of the preacher, and listened attentively to the words of eternal life. She united with others in praising God for his mercy and goodness, especially to herself. She spoke of the day in which she was in darkness; but now she knew, by experience, that the Lord had forgiven her sins. She cared not for the *water*, *mud*, or *precipices*, if she could only crawl or creep to meeting, for she felt well rewarded, because the Lord blessed her. She did not, like some, fear to soil her clothes, neither was she a *fair-day visitor* of meeting. Before her conversion she was a celebrated conjuror, and a dread to the nation; every one was afraid to incur her displeasure. The last time I saw her was in 1842, and she was still confiding in the Lord.

We were now to accompany Brother Clark to St. Marie. We started on Tuesday afternoon, at about three o'clock, in our large bark canoe, which was about thirty-six feet long, five feet wide in the centre, and three feet high. We paddled about nine miles. On the next morning, we hoisted our sail before a fresh breeze, and sailed at the rate of nine knots an hour. We reached the point on the Sand Banks in the evening, having previously tarried three hours with the Indians at Grand Island. The next day we sailed about six miles from the shore; it was quite boisterous, and when in the

trough of the wave, it was impossible for us to see the land. We now came within a few miles of White-fish Point. On the following day we hoisted our sail again, and had a favourable wind; we went down the falls of St. Marie in handsome style. About twelve o'clock, *Waub-ke-newh** (White Eagle) walked about Sault St. Marie, attending to the interests of the missions. He was the theme of conversation in every circle, for none had ever travelled the distance in so short a time. The traders were much surprised. The Indians could hardly think it possible for any person to travel the distance in so short a time.

NOTE.—On our way to St. Marie, we saw that one of the points of Grand Island had sunk. It was formed of quicksand. It was told to the trader, Charles Holiday, by the Indians, that the Great Spirit had removed from under that point to some other point, because the Methodist missionaries had encamped there the previous fall, and had, by their *prayers*, driven the Spirit from under the point. They did not wish the missionaries to encamp any where on their island again, fearing that the island would sink.

* This was the name given by my poor brethren to Brother Clark, and a more appropriate one could not have been given —*The King of Birds*. They knew that he had come to be instrumental in saving their never-dying souls.

CHAPTER X.

And he who's doomed o'er waves to roam,
Or wander on a foreign strand,
Will sigh whene'er he thinks of home,
And better love his native land.—*W. S.*

We spent a few weeks at the Sault with the brethren, with whom we had some precious seasons. We were soon informed by our beloved superintendent that three of us would have to go to Ottawa Lake :—Taunchey, Marksman, and myself. We had, as was supposed, provisions enough to last till we reached La Pointe, where we were to obtain a fresh supply for seven months. Brothers *Tay-yash*, and *Ma-mah-skah-wash*, i. e. *Fast-sailer*, accompanied us. We had a new canoe, good oars, and a new sail. After leaving, the first place which we arrived at was about six miles above the Sault St. Marie. We here saw a porcupine on the beach ; and having beaten it to death, we cooked and ate it for supper. After this we were wind-bound for several days, which delayed our arrival at the Ke-wa-we-non mission, on our way to La Pointe. On entering Aunce Bay, we were in much danger.

The wind rose, with a dense fog accompanying it, and we were without a compass. We steered our course by the wind. We were very near being dashed to pieces against a large rock, a few feet from us, which we espied just in time to avoid. I had been on Lake Superior, but never saw the waves run so high as on the present occasion. It was truly wonderful that our bark canoe stood the sea so well. Nor could we see any prospect of landing. Still the spray of the gigantic waves continued to roll after us in terrific fury. The canoe still struggled between the mountain waves, and then would rise on the top. The sail spread itself like a duck just ready to fly. It appeared at times that we must all perish. But God was with us. O how kind and merciful is that Being who has the winds and waves in his hands! "O Lord, *I will* praise thee," &c. It is religion alone that can support in the time of danger. Faith lays hold on God. Yes, let *distress*, *sickness*, *trials*, *perils*, and even *death* come, yet if in thy hands, O Lord, we are secure.

Through a kind Providence we arrived at last at Brother Herkimer's, about ten o'clock, A.M. How we surprised them when they were told that we sailed all the morning through the fog. They at once saw the danger; but we could take no other course. We remained here but a few days. On

Tuesday we left for La Pointe, 160 miles. Here was another tedious journey, for we were again wind-bound for three days; in consequence of this misfortune our provisions were exhausted. We went to Ah-too-nah-kun River on Friday evening, and travelled all night to reach Porcupine Mountains, where we arrived at daylight. We stepped out of the canoe, took our blankets, wrapped them around us, and lay on the solid rocks, where we slept about an hour and a half. Saturday morning arrived, and found us with nothing but half a pound of tea; we were now eighty-eight miles from La Pointe. We rowed all the morning, when a favourable breeze sprang up, which enabled us to gain fifty miles during that day. After night-fall we toiled to reach La Pointe by twelve o'clock on Saturday night; but we were so fatigued, sleepy, and hungry, that it was impossible to continue rowing. Now and then a little land-breeze would help us along slowly, without rowing. At last we were obliged to give up rowing, as the oars were dragging in the water. I steered the boat as well as I could. We laboured hard to keep awake. I thought of the tea; I chewed a mouthful of it and swallowed the juice; but in a few minutes I suffered so much from a griping pain that I was alarmed. Oh, I was miserable, sick, and hungry. I could not wake any of the company; and when

my pain ceased, I could scarcely keep myself awake. I now steered for the shore; it was about twelve o'clock. I threw my blanket around me, and left all hands sleeping in the boat. I threw up a little bank of sand for a pillow, and the soft wet sand was my bed.

Sabbath morning came. I had dreamed that we were just about sitting down to a warm breakfast, when Peter Marksman woke me, and said, "George, come, get up, *blackfast*," (breakfast, he meant—he could speak but little English.) If it had not been the Sabbath, I might have been induced to retaliate. It was, indeed, a *black fast*—dark enough; nothing to eat, and only tea to drink for breakfast, dinner and supper; and yet, only about fifteen miles from La Pointe; indeed, we could *see* the place; and had it not been that it was the Sabbath, feeble as we were, we would have proceeded. Here, then, we spent the Sabbath. I walked into the woods, and all that I could think of while reading my Bible, was *home*. I looked towards *home*, and wept at the thought of it. I said to myself, "O my father, if you knew my situation to-day, you would feel for me, and fly, if possible, to assist me! I feel that your prayers ascend for me; and then descend, like gentle rains, into my soul. *Home! home!* however humble, it is still *home*. This day, however, is a glorious day for my soul; but how

insupportable for the body!" We had a prayer-meeting in the evening, which is still as fresh in my grateful memory as if it had but just taken place.

Monday morning, before the sun arose, we were on our way to La Pointe, where we arrived about ten o'clock. Mr. Warren, the trader at this place, supplied us with some necessaries. We breakfasted with him, and never did fish and potatoes taste half so sweet as now.

We called on the Rev. Mr. Hall, and others of the Presbyterian mission. How kindly they received and entertained us! they compelled us to live in their families, while we remained in that place. We had now to prepare to depart for Ottawa Lake, where we had been appointed by Brother Clark to spend the winter, in teaching the Indians. O what a field of labour in all these regions! Indians, from every direction, congregate here every summer; those, too, who have never heard of a Saviour!

When will all my poor people "sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus?" When will they cease to offer up to the Bad Spirit all they possess? Shall these also perish as did the Indians on the eastern coast? The red men of the forest were then unconscious that the white man would at some future day spread his white sails on these

waters, and claim their native woods ; that a steamboat would make its appearance, like a monster from the deep, snorting *fire* and *smoke* near their shores. God of mercy, save, save my poor people!

We started for the Ottawa Lake about the eighth of October, 1835. We had to carry our canoes, with the rest of our articles, over eight portages, or carrying places, one of which was nine, and another five miles long. No language can convey an idea of the hardships and toil to which we were exposed, before we reached there ; for we had to carry all our things over the carrying places ; and as it was too late in the fall, and on account of the disagreeableness of the weather, we were obliged to return to La Pointe. The winter set in, and we travelled 170 miles by land. It was on one of these carrying places that I carried the heavy load mentioned on p. 13.

When we arrived at Ottawa Lake, the Indians were glad to see us. The chief, Moose Ogeed, *Moose tail*, was particularly kind. Here we laboured with success, though at the time many of them were absent hunting. I commenced a day-school with few scholars. During the winter our provision gave out ; for seven weeks we had nothing, except what we caught by spearing and shooting ; but in the latter part of the winter we could neither shoot rabbits, nor spear fish. What now was to be

done, except to go to La Pointe, 170 miles, and obtain some flour? We ran nearly all day through the woods, and the next day my feet were blistered, occasioned by the strap of my snow shoes. The young man who accompanied me suffered still more, for the blood was oozing out through his moccasins. At the expiration of two days, at about ten o'clock in the morning, we were at Rev. Mr. Hall's, at La Pointe. Brother Hall could hardly credit the fact that we had walked 170 miles in *less* than two days.

On returning to the mission, we were one week on our journey. I had over seventy lbs. of provisions to carry when I left, and my friend and companion, whom I hired, had eighty-five lbs. The Indians, too, were almost starving, but the spring opened just in time to save them. In their journey down the river we accompanied them, and had an opportunity to converse with them about religion. On our way, the Indians pointed to the battle-grounds of the Ojibways and the Sioux. How dreadful and awful was their description! The chief, pointing to a certain spot, observed, "There I killed two Sioux, about thirteen winters ago; I cut open one of them; and when I reflected that the Sioux had cut up my own cousin, but a year before, I took out his heart, cut a piece from it, and swallowed it whole." As he spoke, the

fierceness of the Indian gleamed from his countenance. Every half mile, trees were blazed (barked), and notches made according to the number that had been killed.

The Sioux and the Ojibways have been at war from time immemorial. The neutral ground of these two nations is full of game, such as deer, bears, elks, &c. We went down to the Me-ho-menee Mills, on the Chippewa River, where the whites were cutting down pine trees. We then returned to Ottawa Lake, and afterwards to La Pointe.

During this winter I was with the Rev. Mr. Hall, at La Pointe, and assisted him in translating the Gospel of St. Luke and the Acts of the Apostles into the Ojibway tongue. Although I have sat hour after hour in assisting him in his good work in the west, yet I can never, never repay him for the kindness and affection shown to me. May God reward him for his labours of love, and for his Christian benevolence. He is like a pure and limpid stream which is ever running, and which never dries up. He is like a high rock on the seashore, when the storms and waves have passed by, unchanging and unchanged. He is in all respects the most suitable man for this work, being devoted, humble, kind, affectionate, and benevolent, and is master of our language. I hope to see him once, if not many times more, that I may thank him

again and again for his Christian goodness. May his holy and arduous life and health be precious in God's sight.

Here I must make a remark. In that country, we ought not to know each other as Presbyterians, Methodists, or Baptists, but only as missionaries of the cross. We should labour with and for each other, and do all the good we can. Our language should always be, "Come, brethren, let us labour side by side, hold up each other's hands in the work, share each other's trials and privations, and spread the Gospel of the blessed God." May many Brother Halls be raised up for these stations, so that the poor outcast red man may soon take his station among Christians of every civilised clime. Should these observations fall under the eye of dear Brother Hall, he will, I am sure, forgive me for the warm and candid confessions of a sincere heart.

CHAPTER XI.

The melancholy days are o'er,
The sadness of the year,
Of wailing winds, and noded woods,
And meadows brown and sear.—*W. C. B.*

We spent part of the summer at La Pointe, waiting for our superintendent, Rev. John Clark, who intended to go by the way of Ottawa Lake, down the Mississippi. He arrived in the latter part of June, with his companions. We went in two canoes up *Bad River*, and thence over the portages already named. We divided our provisions, bedding, &c., &c., so that each should carry an equal weight. In ascending Bad River we were nearly half of the time in the water, dragging the canoe up the stream. One day, Brother Clark stepped on a rock above the water, in the centre of the river, for the purpose of holding the canoe, while those that were exceedingly tired might rest. As soon as he had put his foot on the rock, the canoe wheeled around with the current, which drew him into it, and carried him down the river. We were alarmed for some time, and it was with the greatest effort that we could save him. At times, we could

only see his white hat above the water. At first, we could not render him the least assistance. The stream conveyed him near the shore, where he seized the limb of a tree, which enabled him to reach land. We hurried to the spot where he landed, jumped out of the canoe, and ran after him; but before we could see him, we heard him cry out "*whoop*," and in a few moments saw him coming through the leaves, soaking wet. We were all thankful, indeed, to see him alive, and so cheerful too. On that day we would not permit him to carry but two loads, or packs, the others carried three. Our wish was, that he should not, *at any time*, carry *anything;* but he insisted upon helping us, and to this we had to submit. This was one of those kind traits which endeared him so much to all his fellow labourers. He has also shared the last morsel of bread with us. Often has he carried the canoe on his back; and when we were discouraged and faint, he would encourage us by his cheerful countenance, and words of consolation. Our sinking hearts have often been made to beat with emotions of joy; for during these journeys we had ample reasons and time for desponding. But according to our trials did we enjoy the smiles of heaven.

We were three days going over the Nine Mile Portage, where we spent the Sabbath. We had

three loads each; and the two canoes had also to be carried, each one taking his turn every half mile. We were now completely jaded out; our bones ached. This was the hardest journey that I ever made, with the exception of the one which will hereafter be related.

After severe toil and privations, we arrived at Ottawa Lake, where Brother Clark met the chief and some of his warriors in council. He explained the object of our visit,—viz., to live among them and teach them; to which the chief assented.

Brother Clark now left Johnson, Marksman, and myself here, to do all the good we could. On departing, we accompanied him down the river for two days; and on the first of August we bade each other farewell.

That day, Peter and John were inconsolable because Brother Clark and the rest had left us for a whole year. I felt so "choked up" and deserted, that I talked but little during the day. After praying, as Brother Clark was parting with us, and our heads were resting on the canoe, he said, "Brethren, take courage; do all the good you can. Pray much; trust in God; tell the Indians how the Saviour died; we will pray for you; good bye; and may the Lord bless you and your labours."

We returned to Ottawa Lake, and built a house, where we resided during the year. Quite late in

the fall, Johnson and Marksman left me, and went to La Pointe, where they remained all the winter. It is true, there were but few Indians here, but yet, too many for one teacher. They wished me to go with them, but I preferred, from a sense of duty, to spend the winter and spring in teaching, singing, and praying among the people here. In the spring, an interesting conversion took place; the convert committed to memory the fourteenth chapter of St. John, before he had learned the alphabet. This young man had been remarkably kind and humane, before his conversion; he was more like a Christian than any unconverted man I ever saw. I never heard anything proceed from his mouth that was censurable. One Sabbath morning, while we were in the woods, I was reading to him, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life." This was like an arrow in his heart; he prayed and wrestled with God, until the Lord spoke peace to his soul.

In the summer, when Johnson and Marksman arrived, John and I went down to Prairie Du Chien, on the Mississippi. On our way, we had to pass through the land of the Sioux, the enemies of the Ojibways, and we knew not what would be our fate. However, we pursued our course and ventured to their village. As soon as we approached, they raised

the war-whoop and fired some guns over our heads, and the bullets either splashed in front of our canoe, or whizzed about our heads. Still, we kept on our course, and as soon as we stepped from our canoe, they seized us, and kept us prisoners for nearly three days. When we told them (through an interpreter) that we were missionaries, they released us, and treated us kindly. On the third day we were on the water again, on our way to Prairie Du Chien, which place we reached, and there saw Brother Brunson, the superintendent for that year. We accompanied him to St. Peter's, near the falls of St. Anthony; and the same summer, through the kindness of Brother Clark, we were sent to school near Jacksonville, Illinois. To Brother Clark, under God, I owe all the education (little as it is) which I now possess. Before this, I could neither speak nor read five words correctly. Brothers Johnson, Marksman, and myself, were placed under the care of the Rev. John Mitchell, now an assistant at the Book Concern, in Cincinnati. For two years we attended school at the Ebenezer Seminary, about two miles north of Jacksonville. At this institution I passed some of the happiest seasons of my life. Many who were with me at this school are now ministers of the Gospel, both among the whites and the Indians. The groves seemed vocal with the praises of God. The camp

meeting and the quarterly meetings which I then attended, are still fresh in my memory. The remembrance of the many delightful acquaintances formed, the appointments filled, the interesting meetings I attended in different parts, about Jacksonville, at Lynville, Manchester, Rushville, and Versailles, will always hold a seat in my heart. It was here that I learned to read the word of God, and often, for hours together, upon my knees, in the groves, have I been thus engaged. O the sweet communion I then had with God!

Among the many letters which I have since received from my schoolmates, I will trouble the reader only with the following:—

"Mt. Sterling, *Brown Co., Ill.*
"February 8th, 1845.

"Dear Brother Copway,

"With pleasure I improve this privilege of answering your kind epistle, and taking a 'paper talk' with you. By the blessings of the good Lord, we are well. But I hear you say, 'What does he mean by *we?*'—Only myself, my wife, and boy! Now, if you will pardon me this time for marrying young, I will promise never to do so again. But I think you will not be severe in your censure, inasmuch as I have a worthy precedent in you. Brother Troy travelled three years, and married Brother Stratten's daughter, of Pike county; and I, who commenced three years after him, preached two years, and married another; so we, who had long been brothers, became brothers-in-law. Brother Wm. Piper was married, since Conference, to Squire Baynes' daughter, near Columbus; Harden Wallace married Miss Bronson, of Athens, one year since. Brother S. Spates is on a visit to his friends, and has

the ague; neither he nor Reason is married, but have 'good desires.' I visited Brother George two weeks since.

"We have glorious times in religion. O it would have done you good to have heard Dr. Akers tell his experience, in our last quarterly meeting. In speaking of his sanctification he said, with a peculiar emphasis, while his lips trembled and tears filled his eyes, '*It was the revelation of the Son of God in me.*' But time would fail to tell of these 'Ebenezer' boys, who, through faith, preach 'big sermons,' exhort thousands, 'who are valiant in fight,' who slaughter many a sinner, and wear the marks of many a well-fought field, although death has done his work among us! Our faithful teacher, and a beloved schoolmate, Brothers Troy and Piper, are no more; they fell victims to fever just after Conference; but they fell like martyrs,—they died at their post. Brother Troy and I attended Brother Piper's funeral, (the sermon was preached by Brother Berryman,) at Barry. It was a solemn time. While I stood by his coffin, I thought of you all, and of Brother *Huddlestun*, who had gone before him. The day before I left, Father Stratten, Brother Troy, and I, walked out on the Mississippi bluffs, while the bright surface of the river reflected upon us the last rays of the setting sun. We talked of the happy days of other years, spent with kindred spirits now scattered over the world. His breast seemed warmed at the recollection. The flame of his zeal mounted high, and pointing to the bright waters that rolled in the distance, he said, 'I feel like preaching till the last sinner on the last tributary of that stream is converted to God.' Alas! he had even then preached his last sermon. Peace to their memory.

'They taught us how to *live*, and, O how high
The price of knowledge, taught us how to *die*.'

Sister Piper, and her two children, live at her own home in Barry; Sister Troy, with one child, lives with her father. You have, perhaps, read the obituaries of Brothers Benson, Otwell, Corey, Edmunson, and Hale—gone home. Brother N. W. Allen married down south, and John Mathers to Miss

Julia Tucker. Brother Hedenburg is in Springfield. I believe M. has concluded not to marry, but to keep house for her father. Moses C. lives and prospers in Petersburg circuit.

"*March* 13*th*. I commence again, not having time to finish when I commenced. I record with sorrow the death of our child, aged eight months. The affliction of one short week carried him beyond the sorrows incident to mortality, to rest with God. O it was a trial to see him sink in death, and bear him to the grave. But now, thank God,

'The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
No more disturbs his sweet repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.'

"The Lord has given us some tokens for good; we have some glorious prayer and class meetings. Thirteen joined on my last round. I expect Brother Wallace with me at a protracted meeting next week; can you not come too?

"Well, Brother George, how do you get along in religion? This is the subject *all important*. Time, in its rapid roll, still bears us on. The sun stood still in Gibeon, but time did not stand still. The sun went back ten degrees on the dial of Ahaz, but time rolled on with unremitting speed. *Mutation* is written all around us. The little flower, so bright, is nipped by the untimely frost of winter. The rainbow is beautiful, but it passes away with the weeping cloud. And O how soon the fleeting years of time will be lost amid the mighty cycles of eternity. And yet, my brother, we know that on this inch of time hang everlasting things. Lord, help us to stamp every moment with improvement. Now, if God has entrusted to us the care of souls immortal, how should we pray and labour, lest we should lose a prize so dear!

"Brother George, I shall never forget our band society and 'young men's' prayer meeting; these were precious seasons. Though I view my brethren falling round me, the hope of immortality makes the 'valley of the shadow' flame with the glory of God. Thank God for religion—that can conquer death,

and view the grave as but a subterranean passage to the skies. Go on—I expect to hail you in a better clime. Brother, I think I have *experienced* that the *blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.* O glorious truth! Have you not found it too? It is by simple *Faith.*

> '*Faith* has an eye no tears can dim,
> A heart no griefs can stir;
> She bears the cross, and looks to Him
> Who bore the cross for her.'

"Go on, brother; the land of rest lies just across the rolling tide of Jordan. Methinks I see a Troy, a Huddlestun, and Piper, put forth their hands from the banks of glory, to beckon us onward. They look out for us; O let us not disappoint them! You know the north and south talk of division; thank God they can't divide me, nor break those ties that bind me to good brethren everywhere, from whom 'joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place, nor life, nor death, can part.'

"I must close my scattering letter, though not half done. Brother, come down, and I'll try and tell you the rest. We can go over to Ebenezer, and have a meeting. Pitner is there now. He says that the Lord has the best market in the universe; Christian duties are always good sale there, and then we are sure to get a 'back load' of grace. He says, 'the Lord has a great big two-story *warehouse:* the promise of the life that now is, that's the *lower* story; and of that which is to come, this is the *upper* story. There,' says he, 'brethren, I'll not tell you any more; you'll have to die to know the rest.'

"My very best respects to your lady, and the little Copways.

"Yours fraternally,

"WILLIAM J. RUTLEDGE."

"N.B.—Dr. Vandevanter, Brother Bond, and many others, still speak of your preaching at Versailles. We have some good times there now. Brothers Billy and Cabble Patterson are married; yes, and Aquilla, too. He preaches and teaches

school. Brother Saxon still goes it with a rush. The 'first year' class of boys in this Conference are now first-rate; some of them could almost stride a mountain. O Sir, it would do you good to see Brother Billy Piper throw his searing thunderbolts and rive the forest oak, or bury them in the smoking earth. See him rise in the fulness of his strength, and exclaim, 'Man fell; Heaven was robed in silence, earth in sorrow, and Hell alone was glad.' Farewell.

"W. J. R."

I attended several of the Conferences; the last of which was in Bloomfield, in 1839, where I parted with some of my dearest friends and companions, for nine months. Still it was pleasant to reflect that the Conference had appointed Brothers Spates, Huddleston, Johnson, and Peter Marksman, to labour at the head of the Mississippi. Brother Kavanaugh was appointed superintendent of the missions for that year. I was allowed to visit home in the fall, to see my friends. I travelled to Chicago free of expense; I drove a pair of fine grey horses for an individual who was on his road to that place. We slept in our waggons every night. At Chicago* I embarked in a schooner for Buffalo; but getting tired of this, left it at Detroit, and took steamboat for Buffalo, where I arrived just about daylight. I had lost my cap; the wind blew it into the lake, with my pocket book, containing 27 dollars in bills, and 2.50 dollars in silver, with a silk

* Chicago signifies *the place of skunks.*

handkerchief, in which my all was wrapped. Here I was—moneyless, friendless, and hatless, and in a strange land! I had, however, a little change left. I had made up my mind to visit the East before my return to Canada. But this must now be abandoned. I walked about Buffalo quite disheartened. At last I saw on a sign, "Temperance Hotel." I concluded to put up at this house, and, to my surprise and joy, the landlord was a warm-hearted Methodist—James Madison. At night, I accompanied him to the prayer meeting, where he told a Brother Copeland my circumstances. They made up the whole amount of my loss, and gave me a dollar over. I could now visit the East, as I had purposed before my loss. The next day I started for Rochester, where I spent the Sabbath. I was very anxious to see the great cities, of which I had read so much at school. I resolved to go through thick and thin for the sake of seeing New York. At Rochester I stopped with Brother Colby; Miss Colby, perceiving that I was not warmly clad, gave me a cloak, which she obtained from Brother S. Richardson. Should either, or both, of these dear friends see these remarks concerning their kindness, I hope they will excuse me for thus mentioning their names. I must thank them again for their goodness; I often remember them in my closet and by the wayside. May God reward them and all other friends.

On Monday I left for Albany. When I reached Syracuse, I took the long-looked-for railroad. We were soon on our way, moving along like a streak of lightning. In the morning I arrived in Albany in time for the morning boat for New York. I walked around this Dutch city, and as everything appeared to be somewhat new, I was interested, especially with the vessels, &c. As I wished to be economical, I left without any breakfast. I was charmed with the steamboat. We passed down the Hudson; the towns, villages, and the splendid scenery enchanted me. I had seen but very few such magnificent scenes before.

About noon, a plain looking man approached me; I discovered at once that he was of that class of men called Quakers. He spoke of what they were doing for the Indians in New York. I was very much interested with his conversation. I felt glad and proud to have the honour and pleasure of seeing and conversing with one of Penn's descendants—the friend of the poor Indians. While conversing with him, the bell was rung for dinner; he wished me to go down and eat; I told him I was obliged to be saving, as I had but little money, and was not accustomed to travelling. Upon saying this, he pulled out a dinner ticket from his pocket and said, "*Friend*, thou must take this and come down to dinner." I had an exalted opinion of the Quakers

before, but this kind act increased my feelings, and confirmed all that I had ever heard of their generosity to my poor people. "God bless the Quakers," said I, silently, as I descended to dinner. After dinner we finished our conversation. He said he was on his way to Philadelphia. God bless him, wherever he is. He has my kindest wishes.

In the evening I arrived at New York, and went immediately to see Brother Mason, who directed me to go to Sister Luckey's, in Broome-street, where I tarried during my stay.

On the 25th of October, came that great jubilee of Methodism. In the morning I went with Dr. Bangs to meeting. He preached the centenary sermon, which was afterwards printed. In the evening I attended the Allen-street Station. Oh, what a happy meeting this was. Here I saw some of the greatest among them weep for joy. "Amen," "Hallelujah," "Glory to God," and similar ejaculations, rang through, and filled the house. In this vast assembly was a solitary Indian—George Copway! Never can I forget that evening! Whatever may be my future lot in this life, I will always thank God for the privilege of attending these services. May the Lord pour out his Spirit on all his churches.

The next day I visited Newark, N. J., to see Brother Abraham Hedenburg, with whom I had

become acquainted in Illinois, at the house of his brother James. Here I met with a great deal of kindness. Brother Bartine, of the Franklin Station, requested me to preach for him in the morning; and Brother Ayres, of the Northern Station, invited me to preach for him in the evening. Brother Ayres gave me about $8.00 worth of books, which I had the pleasure of perusing during the winter. This was a favour—a distinguished favour indeed. I have seen that dear brother but once since. May the Lord be gracious to him.

My visit to Brother Hedenburg was delightful. I met many friends here, to whom I can never be thankful enough. May God visit them in great mercy. I saw them again last summer, and partook of their kind hospitalities. I feel more and more indebted to them; especially to Brother Hedenburg.*

My next journey was to Boston. Dr. Bangs gave me a letter of introduction to a brother in that city. I remained about two weeks, looking at the Yankees and their city. Boston is much overrated; there are a few, very few, pretty spots; the rest is crooked and narrow. It is far behind New

* My English friends will, I hope, excuse me for calling all good people that I have met "Brother" (though this apology may not be required by many, yet it is necessary with some), for God is my father, and every man a brother.

York, Philadelphia, and, perhaps, Baltimore and New Orleans. I met with a few choice spirits—Brothers King, Rand, Wise, and Smith; and on the Sabbath I addressed the Sabbath school in Russell-street. In the evening we had a delightful meeting. I remained with Brother H. Merrell's family during my sojourn, and I shall always recollect them with feelings of sincere gratitude. I visited several noted places while in that vicinage,—the monument on Bunker's (or rather Breed's) Hill, &c.; I went also on the top of the State House when the sky was clear. It was from this point that I saw the works of the white man. The steeples, vessels arriving, and others spreading their sails for distant lands. The wharves were filled with merchandise. A few steamboats were running here and there, breathing out fire and smoke. On my left I noticed several towns. The steam cars from Worcester rolled on from the west; others were starting for Providence, and whizzed along the flats like a troop of runaway horses. Here were factories in different directions. As I saw the prosperity of the white man, I said, while tears filled my eyes, "Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, *O people saved by the Lord!*" When I thought of the noble race of red men who once lived and roamed in all the land, and upon the waters as far as my eye could reach, the following

thoughts arose in my mind, which I have since penned.

Once more I see my fathers' land
Upon the beach, where oceans roar;
Where whitened bones bestrew the sand,
Of some brave warrior of yore.
The *groves*, where once my fathers roamed—
The *rivers*, where the beaver dwelt—
The *lakes*, where angry waters foamed—
Their *charms*, with my fathers, have fled.

O! tell me, ye "Palefaces," tell,
Where have my proud ancestors gone?
Whose smoke curled up from every dale,
To what land have their free spirits flown?
Whose wigwam stood where cities rise;
On whose war-paths the steam-horse flies;
And ships, like mon-e-doos in disguise,
Approach the shore in endless files.

I now visited the Missionary Rooms of the American Board, whose invaluable labours are felt throughout the globe. I saw some articles, wrought by our people in the west, such as bead work, porcupine quills, moccasins, war clubs, &c. I thought, that if Brother Green had seen as much of war clubs as I had (for I have seen them stained with blood, and notched according to the number of individuals they had slain), he would conceal them from every eye.

CHAPTER XII.

See, winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train—
Vapours, and clouds, and storm.—*T.*

About the 4th of November, I took my leave of Boston, for the great commercial emporium, on my route homewards. My travelling companion was the Rev. E. Taylor, the sailor's friend. He was on his way to Philadelphia to preach. I should suppose that a better sailor's preacher cannot be found in the Union. I was much pleased with his conversation. In one of his public addresses I was told that he said, "When I die, smother me not under the dust; but bury me in the sea, where the sea-weed will be my winding sheet, the coral my coffin, and the sea-shell my tombstone." I heard an individual say of him, "start him where you will, he will go to sea."

I was now, once more, in the magnificent city of New York. I bought a few books at the Book Rooms. After surveying the beauties and curiosities of the city, I left in the steamboat "Rochester" for Albany. I spent one day in Albany, and

attended a Methodist prayer meeting. The Rev. Mr. Seymour, the preacher in charge at the Division-street Station, introduced me to Brother Page, who had the charge of the South Ferry-street Church. At the latter church I was present at a delightful and soul-stirring meeting.

The following day I took the canal for Syracuse and Oswego. On my way from Schenectady to Utica I preached twice on board the boat; and even here I found some pious souls. I observed the tears falling from several eyes. "The Lord be praised," was the language of my heart. When shall this poor heart feel fully and wholly alive to the unsurpassed favours of heaven?

I took a steamboat at Oswego, and arrived at Kingston, C.W., on the evening of Nov. 11. Here I had to pay duties on the books which I had obtained in New York. The amount to be paid was £32.50, and I had but £27. I went to Charles Oliver, deputy collector; and as soon as I laid my circumstances before him, he said, "pay the £27, and I will advance you the balance; and as soon as you reach home, write to Mr. McCaulay, the inspector-general, who lives in Toronto, and inform him who you are; he will, doubtless, authorise me to refund you the money." I did so, and shortly afterwards received the whole amount. In this public way I would express my most hearty

thanks to these gentlemen for their acts of kindness towards an Indian stranger.

I arrived at Rice Lake on the 12th day of November, 1839, having been absent from home five years and four months. Never did I feel so rejoiced as when I stood on the top of a hill, and saw my village, seven miles across the lake. I gazed upon it with pure delight; and as I took a retrospective view of all the scenes which I had passed through, I wondered at myself, and at the great goodness of God. I knelt down and "blessed and thanked Him who liveth for ever," for his unspeakable goodness to a child of sin. While crossing the lake, I was in perfect ecstacies; my heart leaped with joy; and my thoughts and emotions were at my home long before my person. O how tedious and tardy the boat seemed to be; I wished for wings several times. But, at last, I planted my foot upon the spot on which I had been reared from my infancy, and where some of the sweetest and happiest recollections of my life were centered. But "every sweet has its bitter." On inquiring for some of my relatives, I was informed that they had left this, for a better life. Many of my old friends and acquaintances had gone to try the realities of another world. Numbers were bathed in tears, and the wounds of their hearts were re-opened. My own heart seemed to bleed

at every pore. What a painful interview! I now requested to be shown the graves of my dear relatives and friends. I wended my way to these consecrated spots, and sighed and wept over them. My reflections were solemn indeed! I followed many of them, in my thoughts, to heaven, where they doubtless now are, celebrating the praises of God around the throne of the blessed Redeemer. This was great consolation amidst my griefs; and I felt now determined, with God's assistance, to follow them, so far as they followed Christ, and thus be prepared to unite with them in the songs of the upper world, whenever God shall see fit to call me hence.

Brother John Sunday was at this time stationed in our village. The Lord soon visited this mission with a glorious revival; many were converted, and others reclaimed. The tracts that I had received at the Book Rooms, and the books from the American Tract Society (N. Y.), I distributed among those that could read, and they were duly appreciated. I believe that these were the means which prepared their minds to relinquish the world, and place their hope in God.

I will now speak of Christmas and New Year. When Christmas arrived, we were invited to a centenary tea party, in company with the Rev. William Case, a well-known friend of the Indians.

The party met at Alderville, eight miles from the mission. This was a season of much joy and happiness. The chiefs referred to the time when they were without the Gospel. One of them said, "Before I heard the Gospel, when Christmas came, I began to thank the Great Spirit for the day on which I could get plenty of *whiskey*. Brothers, you know how often I was dragged through the snow to my wigwam, where my wife and children were cold and hungry. Now, I drink *tea* instead of *whiskey*, and have religion with it; now my house is comfortable, and my children are pious and happy. I expect to pursue a Christian course till I arrive in heaven. My fond hope is to meet these good missionaries in the land of bliss; and not only these, but also the good John Wesley, with whom I expect to shake hands there." John Sunday's brother (Big Jacob) said, "When the Methodists were preaching to our people, I heard that the chiefs and warriors were frequently in tears. I then said, I would not shed tears were I to hear them. Still, I wished to understand for myself. I went, with a full determination not to behave myself like a *woman*—I mean, by crying. I sat near the door. The preacher was speaking about the Saviour's dying on the cross, while the Indians all around were sobbing. I began to feel serious, and then the tears fell involuntarily.

Frequently I wiped my eyes, but still the tears *would flow*. I asked myself, *am I crying too?* Brethren, I was ashamed to exhibit tears; but now [here he raised his hand to heaven] it is not through cowardice that I cry, for I never shed a tear on the battle-field, nor even when my children or my friends lay dead before me. No! I never dropped a tear. I feel to-night very happy and thankful to know that the Great Spirit did not, while I was in darkness, say, 'I will never bless this Indian.' I feel an ardent love for you all. I love *Jesus*, who has done so much for sinful me." He then sat down. Brother John Sunday now arose, and interpreted what his brother had just said; and at the close of his remarks, he turned to the whites, who had come here from Cobourg, and several other places, and said, "Brothers, that was a *great big mercy* for that *great big man*."

I might add other cases here, but it is scarcely necessary. Suffice it to say that we enjoyed the services throughout. As I looked around, I recognised some whom I knew, and had often seen before the Gospel reached us, and who had usually spent Christmas in the gutter,—degraded, miserable, and starving. The language of the Psalmist might well have been quoted by each of these poor brethren—"Thou hast raised me up out of the filthiest sink (English translation, '*the miry clay*,')

and hast planted my feet firmly on a rock." Yes, the rock Christ Jesus.

New Year's day was observed in the same religious manner. And I cannot but remark here, that it is to be greatly regretted that so many Christians in the States spend this day in gadding about from house to house, and indulging in luxuries to excess. Nay, more; I have been informed that not a few professors entertain their visitors with *fire-water* or *devil's spittle* on that day. What a contradiction this would be in the estimation of converted Indians, were they to witness these scenes!

During the winter, the General Council of the Nation was held at the Credit River mission. Chief Joseph Sawyer was elected President of the Council. This noble chief has filled the chair several times since, with great credit. Several petitions, and other important documents were drawn up and signed by the different chiefs, to be presented to the Government of Canada. The whole Council waited on the Governor General, Lord Sydenham, in a body; they presented their petitions. (See Note A, at the end of this chapter.) In reply, we received but little satisfaction; he closed his note by saying, "My children, for the present I bid you all farewell." His Lordship did not even deign to affix his *name* to the note. Since

then, nothing has been heard of our papers, and therefore we must conclude that they have been laid *under* the table. But what could be expected of a "*father*," who could smile in the presence of his "*children*," and yet stab them in the dark? (See Note B, at the close of the chapter, where the reader will find an extract from his letter to Lord John Russell.) To rebut his false representations, I would appeal to the Report of the Commissioners on Indian Affairs in Canada; to the missionaries; and to the whole civilised and Christianised population of the Chippewa nation. I can therefore say, without the fear of respectable contradiction, that his assertions have no foundation in truth. A few drunken Indians, it is true, may be found in Canada; and these alone would be willing to call him *Father*.

It was at this General Council that I became acquainted with Captain Howell's family, of Toronto, formerly of England, and after an intimate acquaintance of some six months, I was united in marriage to his daughter Elizabeth. My wife has been a help meet indeed; she has shared my woes, my trials, my privations, and has faithfully laboured to instruct and assist the poor Indians, whenever an opportunity occurred. I often feel astonished when I reflect upon what she has endured, considering that she does not possess much

physical strength. I can truly say that she has willingly partaken of the same cup that I have, although that cup has often contained *gall*. I trust that I have not transgressed the bounds of delicacy, in speaking of one who has sacrificed so much in becoming the partner of an Indian missionary. I will simply add, that Mr. and Mrs. Howell, and their daughters Caroline and Elizabeth, were then, and are now, members of the Methodist church.

In the spring which preceded my marriage, I was appointed by my people at Rice Lake to transact some business for them at Toronto. I accordingly left Rice Lake and reached Toronto in April. Just before leaving for Rice Lake, I called to see my cousin, Thomas Kezhig, who was confined to his house by consumption. While on my journey homewards, between Toronto and Port Hope, as I was sleeping on one of the sofas of the steamboat, I had the following singular dream in relation to my cousin above mentioned :—

I found myself in a path on a wide plain, which led towards the south, between two cottages. I was impressed with a belief that it was my duty to proceed to the end of the road, which, from appearances, great multitudes had walked over. On nearing the cottages, I discovered a small gate, attended by a keeper. At first he refused me an entrance, but after much persuasion he permitted

me to pass, extorting from me a promise to return as soon as I should reach a certain spot, from which I could see the end of the path. I passed through the gate and travelled over a beautiful rolling country, with groves, flowers, and fruits, on my right and on my left, which delighted my eyes; while the singing of birds delighted my ears. I walked through several streams which ran smoothly over beds of beautiful pebbles. From one of these streams I drank, and felt much refreshed. In some places I saw the impress of men's feet on the pebbles, which proved that persons had gone before me. Some time after this, I heard several voices conversing about the country to which they were travelling. I ascended a hill, from which I beheld a scene which no language can describe. In front was a large granite rock, in the form of a pyramid; it was exceedingly high; had seats on each side from the bottom to the top; and on these sat a great multitude who had died in the Lord. Here and there was a vacant seat. Some, however, were standing, and all had a pair of wings. Those that were sitting had wings, and seemed ready to fly! On the very summit, and above the rest, there was a spacious seat, or magnificent throne. One sat on this throne who shone like the sun! Over his crowned head was a circle, resembling a rainbow, on which was written, with letters of gold, "THIS

IS THE KING JESUS." What a splendid sight! it dazzled my eyes. Above his head were clouds of angels; these were performing beautiful gyrations. Sometimes they descended so low, that I plainly could see the upper side of their wings, which reflected a brilliant light from the throne. I did not hear them speak, but there was a noise like a mighty rushing wind, occasioned by their wings, which were constantly in motion. There were myriads upon myriads of these winged angels; the very heavens were covered with them. I observed between me and this great rock a river, part of which was as black as jet, and the rest as yellow as gold. It flowed gracefully along the edge of the beautiful green, near the rock. I saw two men plunge into its bosom, and swim. As soon as they reached the spot where the water was black, their clothes fell off of them, and were carried away by the current, while they themselves reached the shore on the opposite side. They now assumed forms too glorious for tongue or pen to describe; even imagination must fail here. They now seemed to rise up out of the river; and as they stood upon its bed, with their long white wings majestically expanded and dripping, they clapped their hands and exclaimed, "Glory to God in the highest; glory and honour to Jesus." They now stepped out of the stream, walked side by side, and ascended

to their seats midway up the rock! While they were ascending, the entire multitude cheered and welcomed them. "Glory to God," "Hallelujah," with many other exclamations, were echoed in loud peals throughout the whole region. My eyes wept big burning tears, which overflowed my face. I tried to join the happy throng in ejaculating *hallelujah*, and made several fruitless attempts to cross the river. I felt as if I were fettered, and fastened to a stake. Presently, I heard the sound of footsteps behind me; I turned around suddenly, and beheld my cousin, Thomas Kezhig, passing along. I addressed him, and said, "Where are you going, cousin?" He replied, "I am going where my *mother* and *sister* have gone; but *you* must return home soon, for you are needed there; you will one day follow us to the skies." I exerted myself to approach him, but in vain. He turned about, ran down the hill to the water, plunged in, and swam like a duck. His clothes now fell off of him, as did those of the two individuals referred to above. I saw him rise; he exclaimed, "*Glory to Jesus!*" Some one exclaimed from the rock, "Thomas Kezhig is come, Thomas Kezhig is come." Immediately two flew from their seats, and presented themselves before him, near the edge of the water. They embraced each other, and clapped their wings, as if filled with joy. O what a happy, happy scene!

The immense throng of angelic beings witnessed this sight, and lowered their flight. Those on the rock now stood up at his approach, and flapped their wings. The two who had flown to him led him by the hand to a seat. Every eye was now upon him; and the whole heavens seemed to echo, "*Welcome to thy rest, thou child of affliction.*" I recognised in these two his mother and sister, who had died a few years before, with a hope full of glory. I could have given worlds for permission to cross the river. I wept sorely, and felt it incumbent to return, according to my promise to the keeper of the gate. The keeper inquired, "Well, did you see them?" But my heart was too full to give utterance to my thoughts. I now awoke, much agitated, and still weeping. I looked at my watch, and discovered that it was a quarter-past one o'clock, p.m.

In the evening I met one of my step-brothers at Port Hope; he had just arrived. The first words that he uttered were, "Our cousin is no more." I inquired, "When did he die?" He replied, "To-day, about one o'clock." "Then," said I, "he is happy in the realms of bliss." The next day, as I stooped over his cold remains, I could still see his glorified spirit as in my dream, welcomed to the land of angels. O! "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." I loved

him tenderly, and had good reason to believe that he also loved me. My readers will, I trust, excuse me for having inflicted upon them this dream. It is even now so vivid in my recollection, and being somewhat curious and peculiar, that I have ventured to give it. It is but a dream, and I wish it to go for what it is worth, and no more.

I left Toronto for the west, on the third of June, and arrived at Buffalo the same evening, just in time to fulfil an engagement. I was to address the Sunday School Missionary Society at the Methodist Episcopal Church. I was obliged to leave Mrs. Copway at Toronto, as she was not quite prepared to depart; but the following day she met me in Buffalo. Here the brethren prevailed on us to stay over the Sabbath. Sabbath morning I preached at Black Rock, and in Buffalo in the evening. What a curious, inquisitive, and teasing people, some of the Yankees are! Yet, they are very friendly withal, for every one seemed to be striving to induce us to go to their homes to take tea and to pass the night. I had been married but a few days, and the following were some of the questions put to me:— "How did you obtain your wife?" "Where were you married?" "Did her father consent?" "How many of your people have married our white women?" These and similar inquiries were constantly made, and were exceedingly annoying. But

notwithstanding all this, I could say, "Farewell, *dear friends* of Buffalo; thank you for your kindness, your good wishes, and your prayers. Farewell, Sister Dobson, Brother M., and Brother Vanderpool,"—a *noble*-hearted and whole-souled man.

On the seventh of June we parted with my wife's sister, Caroline, who had come with my wife from Toronto as far as Buffalo. We were soon sailing on Lake Erie. On the eighth we were in Cleveland. Here we were obliged to stop, as the regular boat was engaged to convey persons to the great Whig Convention at Fort Meigs. But we passed a very agreeable time, however, especially with Mr. and Mrs. Peet. On the twelfth, an opportunity offered by which we could go as far as Amherstburg, on our way to Detroit. The steamboat *Milwaukie* stopped at Cleveland on her route upwards, and on board of her we went. Soon we fell in with Rev. John Clark, who was on his way from the General Conference to Chicago, in company with Rev. Mr. Colclazier, of Detroit. It was my design to preach on board, but was prevented on account of the rolling of the boat, which caused much seasickness, and our early arrival at Amherstburg. Here we stayed one week, and passed many happy hours, especially with Sister Scott. From Amherstburg we went to Detroit. On the eighteenth, we started from Detroit for Mackinaw, on board

the steamboat *Robert Fulton*, which place we reached on the twentieth; here we remained a few days with B. Chapman, Esq. Here I heard of the death of one of our traders, Lavaque, a pious man, and a particular friend. I preached his funeral sermon, and then his remains were consigned to the grave. Many wept on this occasion, for he was much beloved. Mrs. Copway was now suffering from chills and fever, which she first contracted at Toronto. On the twenty-third, we took passage on board the steamboat *Fairport*, and arrived at Green Bay early the next morning. Mrs. Copway's indisposition induced me to remain here until she should feel better. Brother Chenoworth, the stationed preacher, was absent, and it devolved on me to fill his pulpit on the Sabbath. We had a most interesting season in waiting on the Lord. Mrs. Copway's fever continued three weeks, and when it was thought that she had recovered, we took land carriage to Prairie Du Chien. But before we had gone many miles, she was again seized with chills and fever, and we were obliged to tarry at the house of a Mr. McCarty. His family were kind, and would not receive any compensation for their trouble. I now proposed to Mrs. C. to return to Green Bay, but she would not consent; saying, that as we had started, it were better to keep on. Every other day she had the fever. O how it dis-

tressed me to witness her affliction! We passed through the villages of the Stockbridge and Brother Town Indians. Their lands are good, and it is to be hoped that they will continue to conduct themselves well.

On the seventeenth July, we arrived at Winnebago Lake, where we took dinner with Brother White. After leaving this place, we had to kindle up a fire in the groves several times, in order to cook something for breakfast, and for the rest of the day; there being no settlers within twenty miles. Some men seem to have come to these "diggings" only for the purpose of defrauding travellers out of their goods and money. For every slim and dirty meal we had to pay fifty cents. There is a house between Fort Winnebago and Prairie Du Chien which I can never forget. We had to pay fifty cents for each meal (?); twenty-five cents for lodging in beds swarming with fleas and bugs. Sleep was out of the question; so I spent the hours of the night on the seat of what was called a chair. August twenty-third, we arrived at Prairie Du Chien, after much fatigue, having travelled ten days. Brother Kavanaugh had just arrived from St. Peter's, and had us conveyed to Dubuque in a canoe. Here Mrs. Copway remained, till I returned from the Conference, which was held at Mount Morris. From Dubuque we went to

Prairie Du Chien in a steamboat; on the twenty-sixth we were compelled to go in our canoe to St. Peter's, on account of the shallowness of the river. Our company consisted of Brothers Spates, Huddleston, Brown, Jones, Mrs. Copway, her sister, and myself. We encamped, occasionally, on the banks of the Mississippi. We were more than two weeks travelling 300 miles, to St. Peter's. We had a tent, which we pitched every night. On the twenty-sixth September, we had to mount the bluffs of the Mississippi river; here we found a number of Indian deities, made of stone. Mrs. Copway and her sister tumbled them all down into the river. Their worshippers must have been astounded and mortified when they returned, and discovered that their gods had vanished. On several occasions we were dripping wet. On the ninth of October we arrived at St. Peter's; we here had the happiness and privilege of associating with the Presbyterian missionaries three weeks; they were affectionate and truly kind to us. These were Brothers Garvin, Pond, Denton, and their wives. We had yet to journey nearly 300 miles. After some delay in getting ready, we started in our canoe. On the twenty-seventh of October we went about fifteen miles up the river; on the twenty-eighth, we could proceed no farther on account of the ice. Now what was to be done? If the winter sets in, while

we are on our journey, we shall have to suffer much. We therefore concluded to go by land to Elk River mission. On the nineteenth, we hired a Frenchman to convey our things in his cart. It being late when we started, we walked but five miles the first day; we really dreaded the journey. On the thirtieth, while we were crossing the Rice River, the cart was upset; our provisions and clothes were filled with water, and many of our things went floating down the river. I made a fire, and we passed the rest of the day in drying our articles; fortunately, not one of us was in the cart. Mrs. Copway exhibited much patience and fortitude; she reproved us for murmuring, on account of this and other mishaps, and laughed, while our pies and cakes were sailing down the river. On the thirty-first we walked the whole day, and reached Rum River,—called so, because a barrel of rum had been concealed there. It would be too tedious to narrate *all* the circumstances connected with the rest of our journey.

On the sixth of November we arrived at the mission, having travelled, in all, about 2080 miles. The Ojibway Indians had fled from this mission, on account of their enemies, the Sioux, whom they dreaded. Here, then, we had no employment; no one to instruct! We now endured much suffering. I was taken sick with the dysentery, and remained

so four months, although, occasionally, I could move about. Brother Huddleston, also, became sick; he was taken on the twenty-fifth of December, and died on the thirtieth, of dysentery. This was truly a time of trial. We buried him near the banks of the Mississippi, on New Year's day. He had come here to do good; but O how inscrutable are the ways of God! The chief of the Ojibways had now arrived, and addressed us in the following language:—

"Brothers, I am sorry to see you all in such afflicting circumstances. I see that you loved him; and from what little I saw and knew of him, I believe he was a good man. He came here to do us good—to teach our children. You ask me where you shall bury your brother? I will tell you. Bury him on that little hill (pointing to it), so that we may see his grave as we pass up and down the river. I will tell my people to keep the grave in good order, and to respect it. No grass shall be allowed to grow too near it; we will see that it is weeded. Next summer, I will build a heap of stones about it, that all may see and know where the good man lies—he who came to bless us. Tell his father that the Sioux, our enemies, will not molest his remains."

This chief was not a pious man. Three of his warriors now went to the hill, cleared away the

snow, and dug the grave according to our directions. We committed his lifeless body to the cold grave in a strange land! I never knew how much I loved him, until he was gone. Filled with tears, sobs, and sighs, Brother Spates performed the last sad office over the remains of our dearly beloved brother, while the rude blast was blowing the snow in every direction. Just before he died, he admonished and entreated us to meet him in heaven, where he assured us he was going. "Blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord."

The chief now invited us to go and reside with him at Rabbit River; and in February we did so, after having travelled three days. During these three days, however, we had often to shovel away the snow, build a fire, and spread the bedding without any tent over it. We awoke one morning, and found the snow two inches deep on the bed clothes. We built a large fire, by which we warmed ourselves and boiled some coffee. Our bread was frozen; but we thawed it, and made a meal. When this was over, off we started. By the way, I ought to have mentioned that I had a pony for Mrs. Copway and her sister, on which they could ride. Through the winter he lived on rushes, and browsed like a deer. The poor fellow had to give out, about two miles before we reached Rabbit River; Mrs. Copway, therefore, had to walk this distance on the

ice, which greatly fatigued her. On Saturday night, quite late, we arrived at the shanty of Chief Hole-in-the-Sky. In all our journeyings Mrs. C. was always ready and willing to endure every hardship. She never murmured nor appeared discontented. This often encouraged me, and afforded us much relief. I record with gratitude that God enabled her and her sister to bear up under the severest trials and hardships. We could have no earthly gain in view; the grace of God alone, therefore, supported us by day and by night, in sickness, in perils, in storms, in fatigues, in despondency, and in solitary places. At Rabbit River we laboured with considerable success; but on account of the war raging between the Sioux and the Ojibways, these two missions, with that at Ottawa Lake, had to be abandoned.

NOTE A.

"1st. The soil at the Credit is generally very poor, and, consequently, the crops are light, and this, in a great measure, discourages our people from becoming good farmers. The situation of the Credit Reserve is better calculated for commercial than agricultural purposes.

"2nd. We have learned, by experience, that living together in a village, whilst endeavouring to follow farming, is attended with many disadvantages, and loss of time; it is therefore desirable, that all the Indians who wish to become planters should be settled on their own lots.

"3rd. The evil example of many of the white people around our village exposes our people to the temptation of drinking fire-water, and of committing other vices.

"4th. We are of opinion, that, if we go and settle on a good tract of land, many of our young men, who are now spending their time in idleness, would be induced to become industrious, and attend to their farming."

Note B.

"Government House,
"*Kingston, 22nd July*, 1841.

"My Lord,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your despatch of the 1st instant, No. 393, on the subject of the Indian Department in Canada. I beg to assure your lordship that I have given the subject my attentive consideration, and I hope to be able to submit for your approval a scheme for the consolidation of the Department. At the same time the matter is attended with great difficulty, arising from the peculiarity of the duties which the officers of the Department have to perform, the extent of country comprised within their jurisdiction, and, above all, from the system pursued with regard to the Indians, which, in my opinion, is of the most mistaken character. All my observation has completely satisfied me, that the direct interference of the Government is only advantageous to the Indians who can still follow their accustomed pursuits, and that if they become settlers they should be compelled to fall into the ranks of the rest of her Majesty's subjects, exercising the same independent control over their own property and their own actions, and subject to the same general laws as other citizens.

"The attempt to combine a system of pupilage with the settlement of these people in civilised parts of the country, leads only to embarrassment to the Government, expense to the Crown, a waste of the resources of the province, and an injury to the Indians themselves. Thus circumstanced, the Indian loses all the good qualities of his wild state, and acquires nothing but the vices of civilisation. He does not become a good settler, he does not become an agriculturist or a mechanic. He does become a drunkard and a debauchee,

and his females and family follow the same course. He occupies valuable land, unprofitably to himself and injuriously to the country. He gives infinite trouble to the Government, and adds nothing either to the wealth, the industry, or the defence of the province.

"I have, &c.,

(Signed) "SYDENHAM."

"The Right Hon. Lord J. Russell."

The above is a fair specimen of the treatment we have received, in many cases, from those who ought to have done all they could to raise us to a position of respectability.

The natives are now doing well. They have farms of their own, upon which many of them raise from ten to fifteen hundred bushels of wheat for their families. By their own means they have kept up their schools. Churches, erected by themselves, are everywhere to be seen. We have ministers and school-teachers belonging to our own nation. And yet we have not improved.

I would ask, how much encouragement and assistance in education have we received from our former fathers? Again and again we have asked to be aided in education; if we had asked for whiskey, we could have got it; but anything to raise and benefit us we could not get.

CHAPTER XIII.

——— Let terror strike slaves mute,
Much danger makes great hearts most resolute.—*M.*

In the spring we were out of provisions, and had to fish for a living for about three weeks. Brother Spates taught school, and cousin Johnson and myself visited the wigwams daily, for the purpose of singing and praying, and reading the word of God. They always received us kindly; and soon their minds and hearts began to feel serious, and they inclined strongly towards Christianity. It was not long after, that many of them professed to have made their peace with God, and expressed their determination to obey the precepts of Jesus. Here we must acknowledge that God "made us glad according to the days wherein he had afflicted us." We had "not laboured in vain, nor spent our strength for nought," although we had to confess that we were unprofitable servants. While conversing with a chief upon the importance of true religion, he became much troubled, and admitted that his own religion was not so good as the religion of the Bible; "But," said he, "I will

embrace your religion when I shall have returned from one more battle with the Sioux; and I will then advise my people to embrace it too." What a struggle this poor fellow had within! His name was *Bah-goo-na-ge-shig* (Hole-in-the-Sky.) He had always been kind to me and mine; in the spring he presented me about eighty pounds of sugar, observing, at the same time, "I have brought this from the Sugar Bush to-day; you will require some for your family, and I cheerfully give it."

Brother Brace and his family now arrived from Prairie Du Chien. What tales of suffering did they communicate! They had travelled six hundred miles in the midst of winter; and were exposed to all winds and weathers. But, thank God, now they were with us! Their clothes were almost in strings, and their children were in rags. Expecting to find enough to live on as soon as they arrived, they brought nothing with them. Thank heaven, we were just enabled to keep them and ourselves from starving.

The Indians desired us to visit several other places, and establish ourselves there. The whole country seemed ripe for the Gospel. It was thought best that Brother Spates and myself should go down to St. Peter's, by water, and obtain provision. We were four days going, and, on our arrival, a war party was just on the eve of departing

for our mission, where they intended to murder all the Ojibways they could find. I requested Brother Spates to accompany me back by land, to inform the Indians of the intention of the Sioux. He said, "there would be too much risk in going before the war party." But my wife and sister were there; they, as well as my poor people, might be barbarously murdered. After repeated efforts to get some one to accompany me, but without success, I was determined to go alone. I trusted in the God of battles, and, with his aid, I was confident that I could prevent these merciless and blood-thirsty warriors from imbruing their hands in the blood of my nation. I was ready for a start; and went to Chief Little Crow's village, to tell him that I was going to the Rabbit River mission. Not thinking that I was in earnest, or had courage enough, he said, "Tell Hole-in-the-Sky, I am coming to get his scalp." This took place three hours before they were ready to march. In the midst of *jeers* and *war-whoops*, I left their mission-house. They did not believe that I intended to go farther than Fort Snelling. As soon as I was out of sight, I began to run as fast as I was able. I called at the Post Office, which was nine miles from the Crow mission, got my papers and letters, and ran about seven miles over the prairie without stopping. I bought a pony on the road, of a Frenchman, and

having no saddle, I rode but three miles of the whole distance. I tied my pack on his back, and made him run all the afternoon. In the night, I slept without a fire. I was so anxious to get home that I had no appetite for eating, the first two days. I went at the rate of about seventy-five miles per day, and arrived home at noon, on the fourth day; having walked two hundred and forty miles, forded eight large streams, and crossed the broad Mississippi twice. My coat and pantaloons were in strips. I crossed the Mississippi just in front of our mission-house, and, as soon as possible, I told the chief that the war party were now on their way to our mission, to kill them. I advised him to lead away the women and children, which they did, and the next day they *all* left us. We, that is, my family, myself, and the other missionaries, were now left to the mercy of the Sioux. But they did not come, although they sent spies. Brother Brace, cousin Johnson, and I, now ventured to take our families down to St. Peter's. We left in a large bark canoe, and had only *one loaf* of bread, *two quarts* of beans, and *two quarts* of molasses. Brother Brace was so sick, that we had to lift him in and out of the canoe.

We saw tracks of the war party on our way to St. Peter's. They watched us on the river, as we heard afterwards. We encamped about one mile

and a half this side of their watering place, during the night, and did not know that they knew this fact, as will be seen in the sequel. They came and held a council just across the river from our encampment; they could see the light of our fire. The war chiefs agreed that four of the warriors should swim over to us and take us all prisoners. One was to take the canoe to the other side of the river, to bring over the rest of the party. They were to kill me and my cousin Johnson. But the chief said to them, "If you kill these men, the Great Spirit will be angry, and he will send his white children to kill us and our children."

One of the warriors told the chief that he was a coward, and that he ought to have remained at home. To this the chief replied, "I am no coward; and we will see who are cowards when we come in front of our enemies." Thus they disputed, and even quarrelled, among themselves, till daylight. The same morning we left without breakfast, and on the morning following we were beyond their reach.

We saw where they had raised a number of logs, so that they might lie in ambush. I ought to mention, that we were perfectly ignorant of all their plans and actions, until we arrived at St. Peter's. The chief himself communicated to us what has been stated above, in the presence of his warriors.

This country is, indeed, a dangerous place for the Ojibway missionaries; but not so for the whites, for they never pretend to interfere with them, in any way.

Before Conference, and while I was obliged to be at their mission, for there was no other road for us to go, the Sioux tried to intimidate me by pointing their guns at my breast, and by flourishing their war clubs about my head; they would say, "I wish you had *longer hair*, so that I could take a good hold of it and scalp you." I often went to see them in their tepees (wigwams); this was good policy. They frequently showed me some of the scalps of the Ojibways, and danced the scalping dance. What awful noises they made, as they danced in their fantastic dresses, with their faces painted black. They reminded me much of his Satanic and fiendish majesty, rejoicing over a damned spirit entering hell.

During this summer I accompanied brother Kavanaugh to Sandy Lake mission, at the head of the Mississippi. I returned by the falls of St. Anthony, while Brother Kavanaugh went by the way of Lake Superior, he having business with the American Fur Company. When I arrived, I learned that the elder son of Brother Kavanaugh had been drowned; he fell from a ledge of rocks. Sister Kavanaugh felt, deeply, this mercifully severe

dispensation. Brother Kavanaugh now arrived; poor man! he could not speak to me for some time. I met him some distance from his house; he had heard of the circumstance, but had not, as yet, been home. "How unsearchable are God's judgments, and his ways past finding out." Yet, withal, in such dark hours, many a Christian sees parental love. Ah! we may often exclaim, in the language of good old Jacob, "All these things are against me;" but we may also say, "God orders everything for the good of his own."

That summer we went to Conference, which was held in Platteville. I was then appointed to establish a mission at Fon du Lac, at the head of Lake Superior. Brother James Simpson was appointed school teacher.

We travelled from the Sioux mission up the St. Croix River, crossed over to Burnt-wood River, and thence to Lake Superior. Having provided food, I departed with Mrs. Copway and her sister, John Jacob, Massey, and Brother Simpson, about the fifteenth of September. We were two weeks on the St. Croix River; and part of this time I was so sick as to become delirious. I was just able to walk over the two-mile portage to Burnt-wood River. The other men, therefore, had to carry the large canoe two miles; this was hard, but it was impossible for me to help them. We were now out

of provisions. I have been told, by good authority, the following singular fact:—There is but one spring which forms the two rivers—the St. Croix, which runs down to the Mississippi; and the Burnt-wood River, which runs down to Lake Superior.

In going down the Burnt-wood River, our progress was slow. We were out of provisions from Thursday till Sabbath morning, when we arrived at Fon du Lac. On Saturday, Mrs. Copway and her sister had a small piece of bread between them; the rest lived upon *hope*. In the afternoon, we rowed about twenty-eight miles, and on Sabbath morning, just at day-break, we had to start for our station, Fon du Lac; about twelve o'clock we arrived there, and saw John Laundree, the trader, who was celebrated for his hospitality. I shook hands with him; he asked me if I was sick, and said, "You look pale." I told him we were all hungry, and had had nothing to eat but a small piece of bread since Friday evening. "Ah, indeed!" said he, "I will soon have breakfast for you." Mrs. Laundree, after a few minutes, had every thing necessary for our cheer and comfort. While eating, I thought, that whatever might be said of Catholics, this was a truly Christian act, and heaven will not let it pass unnoticed.

In the evening I addressed a company of traders and Indians. I found the Indians in a miserable

state; the cause of which I attribute wholly to their intercourse with the traders, the principal part of whom are notoriously wicked and profane. I felt very thankful, however, that we were here; yet I was filled with anxieties; for how should I begin my labours? Brother Simpson and I commenced by fitting up the old mission-house, formerly occupied by the Rev. Mr. Ely, who had taught many to read and write. The school-house, also, was fitted up, and in it Brother Simpson taught, till the spring. Our prospects seemed to brighten up, and we had good reason to think that the Indians were glad to have us with them; for they sent their children regularly to school, and our religious meetings were well attended. During the winter, several became seriously and religiously affected; and in the spring, a few believed that they had experienced a change of heart. This encouraged us much. I can never forget the happy seasons I enjoyed, in my visits from house to house, and in the woods. I endeavoured to seek out all; and the good Master was gracious to me. I have often travelled about among them on snow shoes, weeping for joy. Often, too, did I sleep alone in the woods, having had to dig away the snow to prepare a place to lie on. Though frequently hungry, faint, and lonely, I enjoyed the presence of the Lord. On one occasion I was sorely tried. I accompanied

one of the traders about 180 miles, to purchase cattle for our place. I bought a cow for my own immediate family, and in the spring it was killed and eaten by the Indians. Had they been in want, there might have been some excuse for such an act. We expected her to "come in" in about three weeks, and her milk was to be our chief dependence. It was a cruel piece of work. After having travelled, too, 360 miles for the purpose of obtaining her, and then to be thus deprived, was a hard case truly. Had she lived, many of the children of the Indians would have shared in the milk. When will the poor Indians be instructed in right principles?

From a long experience and close observations among the Sioux and the Ojibways, in regard to the hostile feelings existing between them, I have been brought to the following conclusions:—

1. That Christianity and education alone will check their malevolent and hostile feelings, and thus put an end to their bloody wars. For this end, missionaries must be sent to both nations.

2. That it is useless to send missionaries without suitable interpreters to assist them.

3. That missions should be established in the vicinities of the borders of the neutral grounds of these two powerful and savage nations; because in these places there is but little, if anything, to excite them to revenge.

4. That wherever a mission is once established, it must never be abandoned.

5. That where any Protestant mission is established in any village, no other denomination should establish another in the same place, or interfere in any other way.

6. That missionaries ought to assist each other, whenever they happen to fall in each other's way, or are requested to do so.

7. That missionaries ought not to preach their own peculiar doctrines, to the disadvantage of other denominations; for this not only lessens their own influence, but likewise that of others.

The scenery near the head of Lake Superior is almost as splendid as that of the beautiful Hudson. There is a magnificent fall, about eight miles above the mission. The Indians often kill moose, bears, and deer, in this region. In the spring, summer, and fall, they live on fish. As we had no salt, we were obliged to preserve our fish by hanging them on poles, with their heads downwards, and in this manner they would freeze. When the spring arrived, they began to thaw, and becoming soft, would fall from the poles. Late in the fall, white fish ascend the rapids, and can be scooped up with nets. In the spring, fish of every kind, and in great abundance, ascend these rapids.

On the 9th of April, 1842, it pleased the Lord

to bless us with a son. This was our first child—a fine healthy boy. We thanked God for his goodness and mercy in preserving all our lives in the desert, and while surrounded by savages. I committed and commended him to God. May he live to take his station in the missionary field.

Brother Kavanaugh was kind enough to visit us; he returned by the way of Sandy Lake mission. I accompanied him over the first portage; here we knelt down on the green, and worshipped the God of missions. We now parted; but I still hope to see this affectionate brother again, even in this world. But if we shall never meet on earth, I trust we shall in heaven, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

"Where we shall forget our sorrows and pain,
And with our Redeemer in glory shall reign;
Shall sing the anthems resounding on high,
And bathe in the ocean that never shall dry."

CHAPTER XIV.

Farewell!—a word that hath been and must be;
A sound that makes us linger—yet, farewell!—*B.*

We were often delightfully associated with the Presbyterian missionaries at La Pointe, the Rev. Messrs. Hall and Wheeler, and their amiable families. Their benevolence and Christian courtesy are above any praise that we can render; but we would acknowledge that our hearts overflow with great gratitude whenever we recall them to mind. It was here that I became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Boutwell. I preached for these beloved brethren several times, and we enjoyed sweet communion, and some thrilling seasons together.

The Council of the Ojibway nation assembled in this place about the first of October. The Government agent, R. Stewart, of Detroit, treated with them for their mineral regions, for which the Government gave them a large amount in money. From this time I shall date the dissipation, misery, and ruin of this part of our nation.

1. Because it induced speculators to visit them yearly, to sell their goods at enormous prices, and

their whiskey, which inevitably ruins both body and soul.

2. Because it opens the door for all sorts of unprincipled men and vagabonds, and for the miners, many of whom are no better than pickpockets.

3. Because, in possessing so much money, without any correct views of economy, utility, or prudence, it becomes to them "the root of all evil"—a curse, instead of a blessing.

In these appropriations the American Government have grossly erred. What benefit can the many thousands of dollars, which are paid annually, be to the Indians, if they are not capable of exercising any judgment in relation to a proper use of money? The fact is that, at the end of every year, they are sunk into deeper degradation. I would now ask, what are millions of money without education? I do not mean that an *equivalent* should not be given for lands ceded to the Government. No; but I do mean that this equivalent should be appropriated in such a way as to produce the greatest benefits and the happiest results. If a certain amount had been given in cash, another amount in cattle and farming utensils, another in clothing, another in houses and schoolhouses, and the like; and with these, if a few mechanics, farmers, and teachers had been sent among them, the Indians might have become indus-

trious, intelligent, and useful citizens. One-third of each annual payment would be sufficient to educate, and to supply all the wants of their children. It may be supposed by some, that the white people settled near them give them good advice, and urge upon them the propriety and necessity of appropriating their money in the manner just suggested. Yet this is not only *not the case*, but these very whites, at least a large majority of them, are continually laying plans by which they can extort from these unlettered and ignorant Indians whatever they possess. I write not at random, on these matters. I am too well acquainted with them, from painful observation and bitter experience. I have been present at *ten* payments; viz., at Sault St. Marie, Mackinaw, Green Bay, Prairie Du Chien, and St. Peter's. During these payments, quantities of whiskey were brought to the Indians, or else they were seduced to go elsewhere to purchase it. Poor untutored red men! you were deluded, and made drunk by white men, and then, in your hellish and drunken passions, you turned around and imbued your hands in the blood of your own relatives and brethren. And were I to narrate some of the scenes which occurred among the white faces (with black hearts) on these occasions, it would sicken the heart; nay, it would make mad the guilty, and appal the innocent. The very devil himself might shudder.

It was now two years since I left Canada; I received letters from there, from the Rev. Messrs. Stinton, Green, and Jones, requesting me to return home and labour with them. At first I did not deem it advisable to go, because I felt under many obligations to those who had sent me to school for two years, and had rendered me other kind services; and it was not until after repeated solicitations had been made, and money to defray my travelling expenses had been remitted, that I consented. I obtained permission from my superintendent, Rev. J. R. Goodrich, to depart. I left La Pointe, Oct. 10th, in the schooner "Algonquin," for Sault St. Marie. From there we took a row-boat for Mackinaw, and at M. took a steamboat for Buffalo; we now proceeded onwards, and arrived at Toronto on the 28th of October. My wife's parents and relatives, and very many dear friends, were delighted to see us again, after an absence of two years. We found them all well, and felt grateful to God for another expression of his abundant goodness and mercy. I spent much of my time in narrating the scenes we had witnessed, and a full account of my mission.

In about a month I was sent to Credit River (Mrs. C. remained behind, in her father's family). Here I taught school till Christmas, when I began travelling with Rev. Wm. Ryerson, on a missionary

tour towards Montreal. We were absent about three months, and preached or spoke every day. We collected about a thousand dollars per month. The eloquence and piety of Brother R. seemed to be duly appreciated wherever he went. He is the best platform speaker that I ever heard in the Methodist connexion. I had supposed, however, that he would be dull and monotonous; but this was far, very far from the fact.

Having returned from this tour to Toronto, I was next appointed by the Missionary Society to labour at the Saugeeng mission, in the place of the Rev. Thomas Williams. On this journey my wife accompanied me. The distance was 160 miles, and we reached there on the 12th of April, 1843. On our way, we stopped at Goderich; and from thence we took a canoe about sixty-five miles.

I entered upon my duties as a missionary among the Christian Indians. I met with difficulties, for I could obtain nothing without money; and even when a request was made, it was not met by the Society. I could not be convinced that it was my duty to starve, and, therefore, concluded I must leave. My Indian brethren stepped forward at this time, and petitioned Governor Metcalf to afford me a living from the Government. Their request was granted, and I was paid by Government 400 dollars per year, for three years. I should have

continued here, but the next year my services were demanded among my relatives at Rice Lake.

In the summer, I took Mrs. Copway to Toronto, and left her at her father's, while I was absent at Montreal with the Rev. Mr. Jones. Here we waited on the Governor-general, and presented our views, and those of our people, respecting the formation of a Manual Labour School for the benefit of the Indians. The Governor expressed himself as favourably disposed, but was too sick to take an active part in it. But before this, the Canada Conference had appointed Rev. P. Jones and myself, to visit the missions, and ascertain how much each mission was willing to contribute for this object.* During this fall, Mr. Jones and family left for England.

I returned to Toronto and took my family back to Saugeeng mission. While on our passage, in a schooner, our little son, who was about three years old, fell overboard; we heard him fall into the water. I ran immediately to the side of the vessel, and jumped into the lake. The schooner was sailing quite rapidly, and had passed him about twenty yards. I swam as fast as possible, and saw him sink. When I reached the spot where he sank, I dived down about seven feet, seized hold of him,

* The amount reported from the Indians alone was $2,800.

and brought him to the surface. As the waves were running high, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could keep him above the water, so that he could breathe; and I was compelled at times to let him sink an instant, that I might breathe myself. I heard him cry, which was encouraging, for I was fearful that he was dying. At one time I almost despaired of saving either of our lives. I was about giving up all hope, when I saw the yawl boat near me, and I was told that I was just about sinking, when the captain rescued us from a watery grave. The captain, and all on board, were so frightened, that they lost some time in concluding what to do. Had they luffed at once, and despatched the yawl, two or three minutes might have been saved. But I ought not to complain; our lives were spared, and thanks be to a kind Providence for his timely deliverance. I then gave him up to God, and prayed that he might be preserved, and be devoted to the cause of Christ.

We now resumed our labours at the mission. While at this station there were many hopeful conversions. A remarkable circumstance is, that during the whole three years of my sojourn in this field of labour, I never knew but *one single case* in which fire-water was used. I must not omit noticing here a very faithful teacher in my charge,

Jacob Jackson; his influence was of the best kind; he was also a very pleasant and interesting singer. It has been but a few years since these Indians were converted. They now have good farms, dwellings, school-houses, meeting-houses, and a saw-mill. How wonderful are the effects of the Gospel! They also take delight in praying, and in singing the praises of God. Had the American Government adopted the same course towards the La Pointe Indians, that the British Government adopted towards these, the same lasting blessings would have ensued.

CHAPTER XV.

Eloquence that charms and burns,
Startles, soothes, and wins by turns.—*C.*

Of late, the General Councils of the Christianised Ojibways have been convened and conducted in the same manner as public and other business meetings are conducted among the whites. The last General Council, which consisted of Ojibways and Ottawas, was held at Saugeeng. The chiefs came from Lakes St. Clair, Huron, Ontario, and Simcoe, and from Rice and Mud Lakes. The object of this convention was to devise plans by which the tract of land now owned by the Saugeeng Indians could be held for the sole benefit of the Ojibway nation; to petition the Government for aid in establishing a Manual Labour School; to ascertain the views and feelings of the chiefs in relation to forming one large settlement among themselves at Owen's Sound, there to live in future; and to attend to other things of minor importance. There were forty-eight chiefs present from Canada West alone. Chief Sawyer took the chair, and the writer had the honour of being Vice-president. Chief John Jones,

of Owen Sound, was selected to deliver the opening address, in which he was to give an outline of the subjects to be discussed. The meeting was now called to order; and after singing, and an appropriate prayer by Chief John Sunday, Chief Jones arose; all were silent, and every eye was turned towards him. After rolling his small but piercing black eye over the vast assembly, he spoke as follows:—

"Brothers! You have been called from all parts of Canada, and even from the north of Georgian Bay. You are from your homes, your wives, and your children. We might regret this, were it not for the circumstances that require you here.

"Fellow Chiefs and Brothers, I have pondered with deep solicitude our present condition, and the future welfare of our children, as well as of ourselves. I have studied deeply and anxiously, in order to arrive at a true knowledge of the proper course to be pursued to secure to us and to our descendants, and even to others around us, the greatest amount of peace, health, happiness, and usefulness. The interests of the Ojibways and the Ottawas are near and dear to my heart; for them I have passed many sleepless nights, and have often suffered from an agitated mind. These nations, I am proud to say, are my brothers; many of them are bone of my bone, and for them, if needs be, I

could willingly, nay, cheerfully, sacrifice anything. Brothers, you see my heart. [Here the speaker held out a piece of *white paper*, emblematical of a *pure* heart.]

"Fellow Chiefs and Warriors! I have looked over your wigwams throughout Canada, and have arrived at the conclusion that you are in a warm place; your neighbours, the whites, are kindling fires all around you [that is, clearing the lands.] One purpose for which you have been called together, is to devise some plan by which we can live together, and become a happy people, so that our dying fires may not go out [our nation may not become extinct], but may be kindled in one place, which will prove a blessing to our children.

"Brothers! Some of you are living on small parcels of land, and others on islands. We now offer you any portion of the land which we own in this region, that we may, the rest of our days, smoke the pipe of friendship, live and die together, and see our children play and be reared on one spot. We ask no money of you. We love you; and because we love you, and feel for your children, we propose this.

"Brothers! There are many other subjects which we think ought to come under your consideration besides those already stated. But the most important are:—

"1. Whether it would not be better for the whole Ojibway nation to reside on this our territory?

"2. Would it not be well to devise ways and means to establish Manual Labour Schools for the benefit of the nation?

"3. Ought not a petition to be drawn up and presented to our Great Father [the Governor General], for the purpose of fixing upon a definite time for the distribution of the annual 'presents,' and the small annuities of each tribe?

"4. Is it not desirable to petition the Governor General to appoint a resident Indian interpreter, to assist the agent in Toronto?

"5. As we [the Christian part of our nation] have abandoned our former customs and ceremonies, ought we not to make our own laws, in order to give character and stability to our chiefs, as well as to empower them to treat with the Government under which we live, that they may, from time to time, present all our grievances and other matters to the General Government?

"My Chiefs, Brothers, Warriors! This morning [the speaker now pointed his finger towards heaven] look up and see the blue sky; there are no clouds; the sun is bright and clear. Our fathers taught us that at such assemblies, when the sky was without clouds, the Great Spirit was smiling upon them. May he now preside over us, that we may make a

long, smooth, and straight path for our children. It is true, I seldom see you all; but this morning I shake hands with you all in my heart.

"Brothers! This is all I have to say."

On taking his seat, eighty-four chiefs responded "*Hah!*" an exclamation of great applause.

Several chiefs spoke, and highly approved of what had been proposed, and expressed their gratitude for the kind offer of the lands. It was proposed to petition his Excellency the Governor to grant and secure to the Indians the whole of this territory.

The following was drawn up by John Jones, Jacob Jackson, and David Wa-wa-nosh :—

"The Petition of the Ojibway Chiefs, in General Council assembled, respecting the unceded lands north of Saugeeng and Owen's Sound, June 5th, 1845 :

"To our Great Father, LORD METCALF, Governor General of British North America, and Captain General of the same, &c., &c.,

HUMBLY SHEWETH :

"FATHER—Your Petitioners having ceded a great portion of their once extensive territory about Saugeeng and Owen's Sound, and a portion of it having been restored to them since the treaty of 1836, by your Excellency's gracious commands;

"Father—Your Petitioners are very anxious that the reserve (now still known as the Indian Territory) be a perpetual reserve; as a future refuge for a general colonisation of the Ojibway nation, comprising the scattered tribes in Canada West;

"Father—And that these lands may now and for ever be opened to all the tribes; that whenever any tribe is disposed

to move, that they may have nothing to fear, but have access to any of the good lands to settle upon.

"Father—You have settled your white children on those lands that once were our fathers'; we ask now to let us have the only remaining land we have to ourselves, unmolested.

"Father—This is the prayer of your red children; and feeling confident that you will give it every important consideration which it requires, your red children will listen to hear the answer of their Great Father. And they, as in duty bound, will ever pray."

Forty-seven names, besides that of the President, were attached to this petition.

Never was I more delighted than with the appearance of this body. As I sat and looked at them, I contrasted their former (degraded) with their present (elevated) condition. The Gospel, I thought, had done all this. If any one had told me, twenty years ago, that such would be their condition, I should have ridiculed the idea, and set the narrator down for a fool or a maniac. This assembly was not convened for the purpose of devising schemes of murder—plans by which they could kill their enemies—but to adopt measures by which peace, harmony, and love might be secured, and a "smooth and straight path" made for their children. I see nothing at present to hinder them from increasing in knowledge, happiness, and usefulness, except the conduct of the Government agents, many of whom are inimical to our nation, and often prove a curse to her.

Several other papers were drawn up, and signed by the President, by order of the General Council. One of these I must be allowed to give, although it concerns myself:—

"To ALL TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—In the General Council of the Ojibway nation of Indians. We, the chiefs of the various tribes of the Ojibway Indians, do hereby appoint and authorise our beloved brother, the Rev. George Copway, as our agent for the Manual Labour School, to procure subscriptions for the same, believing that this will be one of the greatest means, if established, of raising our young men to become like our white brothers; to learn industry, economy, and to gain knowledge, that we may become a happy and a prosperous people.

"Signed, by order of the General Council,

"JOSEPH SAWYER, [L. S.]

"President of the General Council of the Ojibway Nation.

"*Saugeeng*, July 4, 1845."

I will also give an extract from my letter to the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, who was then President of the Canada Conference, immediately after the close of the General Council.

[*Extract from Letter Book, Page* 151.]

"SAUGEENG MISSION, July 14, 1845.

"To the President of the Conference, Rev. MR. WILKINSON.

* * * * *

"The late General Council have appointed me their agent for the Manual Labour School. I shall be happy to receive any instructions you may think proper to give, on my way down (to Montreal), for I am anxious to see this going on.

* * * * *

"I remain, yours, &c.,

"GEORGE COPWAY,

"Missionary at Saugeeng."

The speeches of Jones, Sunday, Taunchey, McKue, D. Sawyer, J. Youngs, and W. Herkimer, were excellent. That of John Sunday, particularly, was uncommonly eloquent. His keen black eyes flashing fire, and his large brawny arms extended, gave great effect to his speech. As a matter of course, there were often differences of opinion, as well as warm discussions, upon various subjects; some would even feel that their views were not fairly treated; still, there were no unkind remarks, no calling of hard names, no abuse, no ridicule, no insults, no threats, no intrigues, no blows, and *no challenges to meet on the field of* HONOUR (?). The individual who had the floor was never interrupted; profound attention was given, and a death-like silence was observed. Occasionally, it is true, there was perpetrated a pleasant and innocent *jeu d'esprit*, an example of which I will give.

During a protracted debate, in which Chief John Jones took a very active part, some facts were elicited, and some views were presented, which induced him to change some of his former opinions, and vote on the other side. One of the speakers, at the close of his remarks, referred to this fact, and observed, very good humouredly, "If he wishes to be like a *fish worm without a head*—capable of moving forwards or backwards—let him alone."

I have often been asked the question, "What is

the reason that the Indians are diminishing in numbers, in the midst of their white neighbours?" To state all that might be said in replying to this question, would require almost a separate volume. But the following are a few of the principal reasons:—

1. The introduction of King Alcohol among them.

2. The introduction of new diseases, produced by their intercourse with the whites, and by adopting their intemperate habits.

3. Their inability to pursue that course of living, after abandoning their wigwams, which tends to health and old age.

4. Their spirits are broken down, in consequence of seeing that their *race* are becoming homeless, friendless, moneyless, and trodden down by the whites.

5. Their future prospects are gloomy and cheerless—enough to break down the noblest spirits.

There are many other reasons which could be assigned for their diminution; but are not these sufficient of themselves to crush and exterminate even any *white* race, if not protected and defended by friends and wholesome laws? Our people have been driven from their homes, and have been cajoled out of the few sacred spots where the bones of their ancestors and children lie; and where they

themselves expected to lie, when released from the trials and troubles of life. Were it possible to reverse the order of things, by placing the whites in the same condition, how long would it be endured? There is not a white man, who deserves the name of *man*, that would not rather die than be deprived of his home, and driven from the graves of his relatives. "Oh shame, where is thy blush?"

With all the wholesome and enlightened laws—with all the advantages and privileges of the glorious Gospel, that shine so richly and brightly all around the white man—the poor ignorant Indians are compelled, at the point of the bayonet, to forsake the sepulchres of those most dear to them, and to retire to a strange land, where there is no inhabitant to welcome them!!! May the day soon dawn, when Justice will take her seat upon the throne.

If I did not think that there were some who are alive to the interests of my people, and often shed a tear for them—if I did not think that I could discover a gleam of light and hope in the future "I should of all men be most miserable." "Surely the bitterness of death" would be "past." I look, then, to the Gospel and to education as my only hope.

I will now state, in a very brief manner, what I think ought to be done, by those whose benevolent

feelings lead them to commiserate the condition of the aborigines of America.

1. They should establish missions and high schools wherever the whites have frequent intercourse with them.

2. They should use their influence, as soon as the Indians are well educated, and understand the laws of the land, to have them placed on the same footing as the whites.

3. They should try to procure for them a territorial or district government, so that they may represent their own nation.

4. They should obtain for them deeds of their own lands; and, if qualified according to law, urge their right to vote.

The Indians will be sure to waste and squander whatever they may receive from the American or British Government, unless *some*, at least, of the above suggestions shall have been put into practice.

The Council was now dissolved. The President, Chief Sawyer, proceeded to his Excellency the Governor General, and presented the petitions, in the name of the General Council. These petitions, as we learned afterwards, were received with a simple *nod* of the head! O mercy! is this for ever to be our destiny? Common humanity, at least, might have induced his lordship to speak a few consolatory words, if nothing else. Our recep-

tion was both discouraging and chilling. When we have a press of our own, we shall, perhaps, be able to plead our own cause. Give us but the *Bible*, and the influence of a *Press*, and we ask no more.

The General Council appointed me to go to Walpole, to present their address to the Walpole Island Indians, entreating them to embrace Christianity. I visited them in July.

CHAPTER XVI.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own, my native land?—*S.*

As the Ojibway nation are within the bounds of the two Governments—the American and the British—I will give a separate account of each. The number of our nation, according to Drake, in 1842, was thirty thousand; and this is not far from the truth. The best work upon the Indians, however, is that deservedly popular book, by Col. McKinney, of New York—the *undoubted* friend of the red man.

I will now speak of that part of the nation who occupy places within the bounds of the United States. They inhabit all the northern part of Michigan, or the south shore of Lake Huron; the whole northern part of Wisconsin territory; all the south shore of Lake Superior, for eight hundred miles; the upper part of the Mississippi, and Sandy, Leach, and Red Lakes.

That part of our nation who live in the British possessions, occupy from Gononaque, below Kings-

ton, throughout all western Canada; the north of Lake Huron; the north of Lake Superior; the north of Lake Winnipeg; the north of Red River Lake, about one hundred miles. The whole extent, therefore, occupied is over one thousand nine hundred miles east and west, and from two to three hundred miles north and south.

There are over five thousand living under the British Government, and less than twenty-five thousand under the American Government. There are about five thousand of these who receive religious instruction; missionaries of different denominations being sent from Canada and the United States. The Methodists were the first who preached to the Ojibways, or Massissaugas (as they are frequently called). They commenced at Credit River, in Canada West, in 1824, and at Grape Island in 1827. The conversion of some of the Ojibways commenced during those years. Native teachers were then sent to their brethren in the west, where the influence of Christianity is still felt. There are twenty-three Methodist Missionary Stations; six of which are in the States, and the remainder in Canada. There are four Presbyterian Missions, all of which are in the States; viz., La Pointe, Bad River, Leach Lake, and Red Lake. There are seven Episcopalian Mission Stations, all of which are in Canada,

except one, which is at Green Bay. There are two Baptist Mission Stations, one at Sault St. Marie, and the other at Green Bay. The Roman Catholics have their missionaries in nearly all the principal places in the west.

Those who are not under religious instruction, although accessible, are wandering without the Gospel. There is a field in the territory of Wisconsin where missionaries should be sent. There are Indians all around the shores of Lake Superior, who have, from time to time, called for missionaries, and have not yet been supplied. The Hudson Bay Company have, of late, adopted a plan which, in my opinion, does them much credit; they employ missionaries to give instruction to the Indians and their children in the principles of Christianity. There are persons who once belonged to other nations, who now live in the territory of the Ojibways.

The present state of the Christianised Ojibways is such, that they are fully ripe for greater advancement in religion, literature, and the arts and sciences. Multitudes have left their wigwams, their woods, and the chase, and are now endeavouring to tread in the footsteps of worthy white men. The reasons for all this, are the following:—

1. Their chiefs have seen the necessity of making a "smooth and straight path for their children," by

appropriating as much of their means as they could spare.

2. The rising generation are beginning to thirst for learning, and are cultivating a taste for improvement more than ever.

3. Native teachers are now being trained to go to their brethren, and preach to them, in their own language, Christ, and him crucified. By this means the nation must be elevated.

Our prospects as a nation are becoming brighter through missionary efforts. There are many in Wisconsin, and at Lake du Flambeau, who have requested that missionaries be sent along the south shore of Lake Superior. The same may be said of those residing about Winnipeg and Red Lakes. Much of the western part of Red Lake is full of "the habitations of cruelty;" for the Chippewas and Sioux are habitually destroying each other.

I will here give extracts from the Report of the Commissioners, in 1842, to the Provincial Parliament, relative to the Mission Stations; also subjoin the names of the villages, with their condition, and the chiefs of each village, as far as I could ascertain them; which will show their progress, and their present state, and also those who have abandoned the wigwam and the chase, and resorted to farming for a living.

1. Chippewas on the River Thames.

The Chippewas and Munsees occupy a tract of land, containing about 9000 acres, in the township of Caradoc, within the London district, a distance of about twenty-five miles from the Moravian village. It is only within ten years that the Chippewas have been reclaimed from a wandering life, and settled in their present location. The Munsees have been settled since the year 1800, on land belonging to the Chippewas, with the consent of that tribe. The present number of Chippewas is 378, and of Munsees, 242.

The Chippewas and Munsees are not collected in a village, but live on small farms scattered over their tract. Some of the Chippewas are settled on surveyed lots of twenty acres each. This tribe occupy seventy-six log-houses, and six wigwams; they possess twenty-five barns. They have 450 acres under cultivation. Their stock consists of thirty oxen, twenty-seven cows, forty-four heifers, eighty-two horses and colts, and 400 swine. Their agricultural implements include nine ploughs, nine harrows, twenty-three scythes and sickles, nineteen ox-chains, a fanning mill, four waggons and carts, seven spades, &c.; they have a blacksmith's forge, and two and a half sets of carpenter's tools.

John Riley, *Chief.*

2. The Chippewas at Amherstburg.

They all profess Christianity, and several of them are examples of true piety. The majority are Wesleyan Methodists, and the others Roman Catholics. They have no place of worship of their own. They can command the means. The Methodist minister, however, who is stationed in the town of Amherstburg, visits those of his persuasion every Sunday, and, with the aid of an interpreter, preaches, reads, and expounds the Scriptures to them. They also have a general prayer meeting among themselves, once a fortnight, and they meet occasionally more privately for social prayer; some of them maintain family worship. The Roman Catholics attend

chapel at Amherstburg, which is about three miles from their settlement.

There is at present no school among them, but they have expressed their desire to establish one, and would gladly avail themselves of instruction for their children. When there was one, the attendance of the scholars was very irregular, but their ability in acquiring knowledge was in no way inferior to that of the white children.

3. Chippewas of the St. Clair.

These Indians are among the first whom Sir John Colborne endeavoured to settle and civilise. Previously to 1830, they were wandering heathen, like their brethren elsewhere, scattered over the western part of the Upper Province; they were drunken and dissipated in their habits, and without either religious or moral restraint. In 1830 and 1831, a number of them were collected on a reserve in the township of Sarnia, near the head of the River St. Clair, and containing 10,280 acres. A number of houses were built for them, and an officer was appointed for their superintendence. Their conversion to Christianity, and their progress in religious knowledge, and in the acquisition of sober, orderly, and industrious habits, have been, under the care of missionaries of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, both rapid and uniform. From the formation of the mission, 221 adults and 239 children have been baptised and admitted into the Methodist community. The total number, up to the year 1839–40, does not appear to have exceeded 350. Since then, their number has increased greatly by immigration, chiefly from the Saginaw Bay, in the State of Michigan, and by the settlement of wandering Indians; and, in 1842, as many as 741 received presents.

The Indians of the River aux Sables have about sixty acres under improvement, and one log house. Those at Kettle Point have twenty acres of improved land, and two log houses. The land on the Upper Reserve was regularly surveyed and laid out into farms. The chief, with the approval of the superintendent, placed most of the present occupants on these

lands; but it is not indispensable that he should be consulted, as the members of the tribe may choose any unoccupied spot. When once in possession they are secure from intrusion, but repeated ill conduct, or drunkenness, would subject them to be expelled from the reserve of the chief.

WA-WA-NOSH, SALT, } *Chiefs.*

4. CHIPPEWAS AT WALPOLE ISLAND.

These Indians are also known under the name of Chippewas of Chenaille Ecarte. The Chippewas who have long hunted over the waste lands about the Chenaille Ecarte and Bear Creek, are a branch of the same nation which is settled in Sarnia, and share in the same annuity.

The Pottawatamies are recent immigrants from the United States.

The settlement at Walpole Island was commenced at the close of the American war, when Col. M'Kie, called by the Indians "White Elk," collected and placed upon the island, which lies at the junction of the River and Lake St. Clair, the scattered remains of some tribes of Chippewas who had been engaged on the British side. Being left for many years without any interference or assistance on the part of the Government, they became a prey to the profligate whites settled on the frontier, who, by various frauds, and in moments of intoxication, obtained leases and took possession of the most fertile and valuable part of the island.

5. CHIPPEWAS ON THE RIVER CREDIT.

These Indians are the remnant of a tribe which formerly possessed a considerable portion of the Home and Gore Districts, of which, in 1818, they surrendered the greater part, for an annuity of £532 10s, reserving only certain small tracts at the River Credit, and at Sixteen and Twelve Mile Creeks. They were the first tribe converted to Christianity in Upper Canada.

Previous to the year 1823, they were wandering pagans. In that year, Messrs. Peter and John Jones, the sons of a white surveyor and a Massissauga woman, having been converted to Christianity, and admitted members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, became anxious to redeem their countrymen from their degraded state of heathenism and destitution. They accordingly collected a considerable number together, and, by rote and frequent repetitions, taught the first principles of Christianity to the adults, who were too far advanced in years to learn to read and write. In this manner, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Commandments, were committed to memory. As soon as the tribes were converted, they perceived the evils attendant on their former state of ignorance and vagrancy. They began to work, which they never had done before; they recognised the advantage of cultivating the soil; they totally gave up drinking, to which they had been greatly addicted, and became sober, industrious, and consistent Christians.

J. Sawyer, } *Chiefs.*
P. Jones, }
J. Jones, *War Chief.*

6. The Chippewas of Alnwick.

These Indians were converted to Christianity in the years 1826–7. They were then pagans, wandering in the neighbourhood of Bellville, Kingston, and Gananoque, and were known under the name of the Massissaugas of the Bay of Quinte. In those years, between 200 and 300 were received into the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and settled on Grape Island, in the Bay of Quinte, six miles from Bellville, where they commenced planting, and where schools were established by the missionary for their instruction. On this island they resided eleven years, subsisting by agriculture and hunting. Their houses were erected partly by their own labour, and partly at the expense of the Methodist Missionary Society. The number, at length, amounted to twenty-three; besides which, they had a commodious building for religious service and school, another

room for an infant school, a hospital, smithery, a shoemaker's shop, and a building for joiners' and cabinet work.

SUNDAY, } *Chiefs.*
SIMPSON, }

G. COMEGO, *Ch. & M. Inter.*

7. CHIPPEWAS AT RICE LAKE.

These Indians belong to the same tribe, the Massissaugas, or Chippewas of Rice Lake, who, in 1818, surrendered the greater part of the tract now forming the Newcastle district, for an annuity of £740. They have all been reclaimed from their primitive wandering life, and settled in their present locations within the last ten or twelve years.

The Rice Lake settlement is on the northern side of the lake, and at about twelve miles from Peterborough. The number of Indians is 114. They possess about 1550 acres of land, which are subdivided into 50 acre lots; of this, 1120 acres were granted, in April, 1834, to trustees, "in trust, to hold the same for the benefit of the Indian tribes in the province, and with a view to their conversion and civilisation;" and the remaining 430 have been since purchased with their own funds. They have rather more land cleared than the Indians of Alnwick, about 400 acres; but the cultivation is not so good. The village contains thirty houses, three barns, a school-house, and a chapel with a bell. The head chief of the tribe resides here. For some time these Indians were under the charge of an officer appointed by the Indian Department, who assisted in their settlement; but at present they have no special superintendent.

POUDASH, }
COPWAY, } *Chiefs.*
CROW, }

8. CHIPPEWAS AT MUD LAKE.

The Mud Lake Indians are settled on a point of land on the Mud or Chemong Lake, sixteen miles north-west of Peter-

borough. They are ninety-four in number, and possess twenty dwelling houses, with three stables. They occupy a grant of 1600 acres in the township of Smith, made to the New England Company for their benefit, in April, 1837, of which about 200 acres are in cultivation. These Indians were for some time under the management of the late Mr. Scott, agent for the New England Company, and belong to the Wesleyan Methodist Church. A chapel is in the course of erection at the village, where there is already a mission-house and a school.

Nogee,
Iron,
McKue, } *Chiefs.*

9. Chippewas at Balsam Lake.

The Balsam Lake Indians, ninety in number, are at present settled within the township of Bexley, on a point of land jutting out into Lake Balsam, which is the most northerly of the chain of lakes, running northward across the back townships of the district of Newcastle. The reserve, which was granted to them by the Crown, is 1206 acres in extent. Of this they have about 200 acres in cultivation. Their village contains twelve houses, a barn, and a commodious school-house, in which Divine service is performed by a resident Methodist missionary. But within the present year (1843), these Indians having become dissatisfied with the climate and the quality of the land at the Balsam Lake, have purchased 600 acres on the banks of Lake Scugog, to be paid out of their share of their annuity, and are making preparations for removing from their former settlement. Their improvements will be sold for their benefit. Their reason for removing evinces their desire to advance in the pursuit of agriculture.

Crane, *Chief.*

10. Chippewas of Rama.

These Indians formerly occupied the lands about Lake Simcoe, Holland River, and the unsettled country in the rear

of the Home District. General Darling reported of them, in 1828, that they had expressed a strong desire to be admitted to Christianity, and to adopt the habits of civilised life; and that, in these respects, they might be classed with the Massissaugas of the Bay of Quinte and Rice Lake, but were then in a more savage state. In 1830, Lieutenant-governor Sir J. Colborne collected them on a tract of land on the north-west shore of Lake Simcoe, of 9800 acres in extent, where they cleared a road between that lake and Lake Huron. They consisted of three tribes of Chippewas, under Chiefs Yellowhead, Aisance, and Snake, and a band of Pottawatamies from Drummond Island; their number was about 500, under the care of Mr. Anderson, now the superintendent at Manitoulin, who was appointed to take charge of their settlement and civilisation; they made a rapid progress. The tribe under the Chief Yellowhead, now settled at Rama, were located at the Narrows on Lake Simcoe; Aisance's tribe, at present residing at Beausoleil, Matchadash Bay, was settled at Coldwater, at the other extremity of the reserve, the distance between them being fourteen miles.

YELLOWHEAD,
NA-NAH-GE-SKUNG, } *Chiefs.*
BIG SHILLINGE,

11. CHIPPEWAS OF BEAUSOLEIL ISLAND, MATCHADASH BAY, LAKE HURON.

This band, under the Chief Aisance, is the same which was settled by Sir John Colborne at Coldwater. Their present village, which is not very distant from the former settlement, was only commenced last year. It contains fourteen houses and a barn; the number of the band is 232. They have about 100 acres under cultivation.

The majority of these Indians are Roman Catholics. They have not, as yet, any place of worship or school. In the former settlement they were occasionally visited by the Roman Catholic priest resident at Penetanguishene.

AISANCE,
JAMES KA-DAH-GE-QUON, } *Chiefs.*

12. Chippewas of Snake Island, Lake Simcoe.

This body of Indians was one of the three bands established at Coldwater and the Narrows, and separated from them on the abandonment of those settlements. They now occupy one of the three islands on Lake Simcoe which were set apart for this tribe many years ago. They are 109 in number, and occupy twelve dwelling-houses. They have also two barns and a school-house, in which their children are instructed by a respectable teacher, and Divine service is performed by a resident missionary of the Methodist persuasion, to which these Indians belong. They have about 150 acres in cultivation, and are improving in habits of industry and agricultural skill. Their missionary, who has been acquainted with them since July, 1839, states that the majority of them are strictly moral in their character, that most of the adults are decidedly pious, and that many of them, for consistency of character, would not suffer by a comparison with white Christians of any denomination.

J. Snake, *Chief.*

13. Chippewas of Saugeeng, Lake Huron.

It was from these Indians, and their brethren, since settled at Owen's Sound, that Sir Francis Head, in 1836, obtained a surrender of the vast tract of land lying north of the London and Gore Districts, and between the Home District and Lake Huron, containing 1,600,000 acres. He reserved, at the same time, for the Indians, the extensive peninsula lying between Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, north of Owen's Sound, and supposed to contain about 450,000 acres.

J. Metegoub,
Alexander,
Ah-yah-bance, } *Chiefs.*

14. Chippewas of Big Bay, in Owen's Sound, Lake Huron.

These Indians were formerly either wanderers in the Saugeeng tract, surrendered to Sir F. Head, or lived in scattered

wigwams on the shores of Big Bay. According to the agreement then made with them, it was proposed that they should either repair to Manitoulin, or to that part of their former territory which lies north of Owen's Sound; upon which it was promised "that houses should be built for them, and proper assistance given, to enable them to become civilised, and to cultivate land."

JOHN JONES, } *Chiefs.*
PETER, }

15. CHIPPEWAS AND OTHERS, IN THE TOWNSHIP OF BEDFORD.

Within a few years past, some stragglers from the Rice Lake tribe have settled in the township of Bedford, about twenty-five miles north of the town of Kingston; and recently they have been joined by a band of eighty-one Indians from Lower Canada, belonging to the post of the Lake of Two Mountains. As the settlement is of recent formation, and the claim of these Indians upon the attention of the Department of Upper Canada has only been brought forward last year, they have not yet been visited by any officer of the Department, and no account can be given of the settlement. By instructions issued in 1843, they were transferred from the Roll of Lower Canada to that of the Upper Province, and, accordingly, received their presents for the first time in that Province.

My beloved Reader—I am now about closing my narrative, and in doing this there are but a few things to say. Throughout the work I have confined my remarks chiefly to my own nation. But it must not be supposed, on this account, that I am forgetful of my brethren of the other Indian nations. The prayers and benevolent efforts of all Christendom should be directed towards all men

every where. The Gospel should be preached to every creature; and the field is the *wide* WORLD.

The Menomenees in Wisconsin, the Winnebagoes and Pottawatamies in Iowa, the warlike nations of the Sacs and Foxes, the Osages, Pawnees, Mandans, Kansas, Creeks, Omahas, Otoes, Delawares, Iowas, and a number of others elsewhere, must perish, as did their brethren in the eastern States, unless the white man send them the Gospel, and the blessings of education. There is field enough for all denominations to labour in, without interfering with each other. It is too late in the day to assert that the Indians cannot be raised up out of their degraded state, and educated for God and heaven. None need be discouraged since the Ojibways in Western Canada have been converted. No language is adequate to portray the misery, wretchedness, and degradation in which we were, when the word of God was first brought and preached to us.

It is not necessary to detail each and every wrong that my poor people have suffered at the hands of the white man. Enough has already been said, in various parts of the work, to prove that they have been most grossly abused, peeled, and wronged. Nor shall I notice the *personal wrongs* that I myself have received; and from those, too, of whom I had good reason to hope better things. I once

thought that there were some things that I could never forgive; but the religion of Jesus, and the law of love, have taught me differently. I *do* forgive them; and may God forgive them and me too.

I have sometimes heard it said that our forefathers were cruel to the forefathers of the whites. But was not this done through ignorance, or in self-defence? Had your fathers adopted the plan of the great philanthropist, William Penn, neither fields, nor clubs, nor waters, would have been crimsoned with each other's blood. The white men have been like the greedy lion, pouncing upon and devouring its prey. They have driven us from our nation, our homes, and possessions; compelled us to seek a refuge in Missouri, among strangers and wild beasts; and will, perhaps, soon compel us to scale the Rocky Mountains; and, for aught I can tell, we may yet be driven to the Pacific Ocean, there to find our graves. My only trust is, that there is a just God. Was it to perpetrate such acts that you have been exalted above all other nations? Providence intended you for a *blessing*, and not a *curse* to us. You have sent your missionaries to Burmah, China, the Sandwich Islands, and to almost every part of the world; and shall the Indians *perish at your own door?*

Is it not well known that the Indians have a generous and magnanimous heart? I feel proud

to mention in this connection the names of a Pocahontas, Massasoit, Skenandoah, Logan, Kusic, Pushmataha, Philip, Tecumseh, Osceola, Petalesharro, and thousands of others. Such names are an honour to the world! Let a late Governor of Massachusetts* speak for our fathers, when they first beheld the trembling white man:—

"Brothers! when our fathers came over the great waters, they were a small band. The red man stood upon the rock by the seaside, and saw our fathers. He might have pushed them into the water and drowned them. But he stretched out his arms to our fathers and said, 'Welcome, white men!' Our fathers were hungry, and the red man gave them corn and venison. Our fathers were cold, and the red man wrapped them up in his blanket. We are now numerous and powerful, but we remember the kindness of the red man to our fathers."

And what have we received since, in return? Is it for the deeds of a Pocahontas, a Massasoit, and a host of others, that we have been plundered and oppressed, and expelled from the hallowed graves of our ancestors? If help cannot be obtained from England and America, where else can we look? Will you, then, lend us a helping hand, and make some amends for past injuries?

* Edward Everett, Esq.

It is often said, that the Indians are *revengeful, cruel*, and *ungovernable*. But go to them with nothing but *the* BIBLE *in your hands*, and LOVE *in your hearts*, and you may live with them in perfect safety, share their morsel with them, and, like the celebrated Bartram, return to your homes UNHARMED. They very soon learn to venerate the Bible; as a proof of this, I will give an instance that came under my own eye:—While at the Rabbit River mission, a chief from the west visited me. After reading to him several chapters from the Bible, he said, with much surprise, "Is *this* the book that I hear so much about in *my* country?" I replied, "Yes; and these are the words of *Ke-sha-mon-e-doo*," (the Great Spirit.) "Will you not," said he, "give me one? I wish to show it to my people." I told him, "Not without you first promise that you will take care of it." He promised me that he would. I handed it to him; he took it, and turned it over and over, and then exclaimed, "*Wonderful, wonderful! this is the book of the Great Spirit!*" He then wrapped it up in a silk handkerchief, and the handkerchief in three or four folds of cloth. I heard, afterwards, from the trader, that the book was still kept sacred. O, if my poor brother could but *read* and *understand* that blessed volume, how soon would his dumb idols be "cast down to the moles and to the bats!" Will no one

go and tell him and his nation of the boundless, beseeching, bleeding, dying love of a Saviour, and urge upon them the importance of such a preparation of heart as will enable them "to give up their account with joy?" The Great Spirit is no respecter of persons; He has made of one blood all the nations of the earth; He loves all his children alike; and his highest attributes are *love*, *mercy*, and *justice*. If this be so,—and who dare doubt it?—will He not stretch out his hand and help them, and avenge their wrongs? "If offences *must* come," let it be recollected that *woe* is denounced against them "from *whom* they come."

I again propose that the territories of the Indians in the British dominions be annexed to that Government, and those in the American dominions to the Federal Union. And, finally, in the language of that excellent, magnanimous, and benevolent friend of the poor children of the forest, Col. Thos. McKinney, I would say,—

"I have already referred, in the commencement of this proposal to annex the Indian territory to our Union, to those good men, who, in the character of missionaries, have kept side by side with the Indians, in so many of their afflictions and migrations. I will again refer to them, and implore them, by all the lost labour of the past, and by the hopes of the future; by the critical condition of the pacific

relations that exist between the Indians and us; and by the sacredness of the cause in which they are engaged, to look well and earnestly into this subject, and learn from the past what *must* attend upon their labours in the future, if the change I propose, or some other change equivalent to it, be not brought about. And seeing, as they must see, that the plan I propose, or some other, is indispensable to the success they seek to command, I implore them to take up the subject in all its bearings, and by the instrumentalities which they have at command, manufacture, collect, and embody public opinion, in regard to what may be determined to be done; and by memorial, and personal agencies, bring this opinion to bear upon Congress, with whom alone the power is vested, to redeem, disenthral, and save, and bless, the remnants of this aboriginal race. And I make the same appeal to all the good, of all religious persuasions, both in the Church and out of it, and politicians of all parties, to second this attempt, feeble as I know it to be, to save the Indians, and consolidate and perpetuate peace between them and us, and, by so doing, ward off the terrible retribution which must sooner or later, unless it be averted, fall upon this nation."

CHAPTER XVII.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harm.—*S.*

THE following address before the Legislature of Pennsylvania will give some idea of the great object I have been endeavouring to bring before the different legislative bodies of the United States. At the close of the address I insert a copy of the resolution which has been passed in the North Carolina Legislature, as a specimen of the desire entertained by many for the success of my cause in America. Many others have passed similar resolutions. I have received letters of commendation from Government and from the mayors of the largest cities, and it is for this great object that I desire the kind aid of the Christian public.

GENTLEMEN,—My limited knowledge of your language will render it somewhat difficult for me to be understood this evening, as I speak a tongue which is not my own—which is not my native language. Permit me, however, to ask your indulgence while I endeavour to present to you the

claims of the Indian, and at the same time I solicit you to extend to me, personally, your sympathy, as well as to the cause in which I am engaged. Besides the embarrassments under which I labour at the present moment, I have had for several days past a severe cold, which, in a great degree, incapacitates me from speaking with that ease and freedom that I could wish, in order to lay my heart open to you.

In presenting the claims of my unfortunate race, I cannot resist recurring to the period when the Indian and the white man first commenced their intercourse, three hundred and fifty-six years ago. The Indian was then an inhabitant of all the eastern countries on which rest the different cities of the Atlantic States. The Indian was the sovereign of the whole country; the mountain echoed with his voice, and all he saw was his. The game of the forest he claimed as his own, the fish of the waters and the course of the rivers were also his. Proudly he then roamed through the country where now stand your farms and your mighty cities. There was then no cloud that the heathen saw portending to danger. The heavens were clear before his eye. He knew no boundaries; he knew no limits to his desire. And when he was found in this country, he had no extent of society, he had no extensive institutions, which have since been esta-

blished where he then lived. There were no palaces, with their gaudy attendants; but, wherever you now see the mountains of your State, whether in the north, the south, or the west, you may picture to your mind's eye the noble form of the Indian standing on one of their lofty peaks. He made his native mountains his throne, and it was from thence he could see, to a limited extent, his boundless empire.

While the Paleface trembled on Plymouth Rock, shivering there with cold, his billow-tossed limbs were gathered by our fathers, who brought him to their firesides, and introduced him to their people. The Palefaces were then a small nation, but they have since become a great one, and the proud sons of the forest have, one by one, fallen away, like the stars that die at a distance in the skies. In return for our kindness and friendly feeling towards you, we look to you for protection, for guardianship, for instruction, as we protected and taught your fathers in the early history of this country. Several years back, with much solicitude, I endeavoured to study the peculiar wants of my poor people, as well as the condition of the emigrants westward; and in order to promote the welfare and interests of both, I attempted, to the best of my ability, to mature a plan which, I think, if carried into effect, will prove highly beneficial and advantageous to both people,

the whites as well as the Indians. Gentlemen, I feel assured that when you shall have heard all my remarks on this important and interesting subject, you will not accuse me of selfishness on this occasion, as I have not overlooked your nation in advocating the claims of my own.

In presenting my plan before you this evening, gentlemen, permit me to state, in as few words as possible, what I have to say, as I wish to accomplish my visits to the different State Legislatures now in session, on this errand, with as little delay as possible. On the 31st of March last, you may remember that a meeting was held in the city of Philadelphia, where I attended for the first time, and broached the subject of civilisation among the Indians in a more extensive and elaborate manner than on the present occasion. I found, however, that it was done at a consumption of a great deal more time and an expenditure of money than I could conveniently afford. I found that the getting up of meetings in cities was a more tardy and inefficient method of obtaining the action of Congress in the matter, than in personally soliciting and enlisting the aid, influence, and action of the legislatures of the several States. I have visited the different States of the Union, presented to them my views in relation to saving the Indians, and, if possible, to get their expressions of approba-

tion of my plan, in order that their resolutions might be addressed to Congress, in the hope that they may set apart a territory in the west, in which all the Indian tribes shall be collected, and there remain unmolested for ever. Gentlemen, I have found this project, as far as I have gone, meet the views of those who have counselled me in the matter.

The object I have in view is to call upon the General Government to grant to the Indians a part of the north western territory, west of the Iowa territory, and between the Nebraska and Minesotta territories, for the use and occupancy of all those Indians who are living there in a scattered condition, where they can enjoy permanent homes, the advantages of education and agricultural instruction, so that, after a time, when they shall have become Christianised and enlightened, they may be incorporated into the Federal Union as a State. Before we can do much good for the Indians, we must, as I have already said, provide them *permanent* homes, and by that means secure to them peace of mind, which is absolutely necessary to ensure their improvement and progress in the arts of civilisation. Much good can be effected in this way; and all the Indian tribes will assemble together, and go to their new and permanent homes, there to live in peace and harmony.

But the Indians, in their present isolated condition, are eternally at war with each other, and every influence is now brought to bear upon them, that is calculated to increase their revengeful feelings towards one another. I do not refer to the civilised, educated, and enlightened portion of the Indians that are now living in different parts of the United States, as, for instance, the Indians of the State of New York, and those in Michigan, and the States of North and South Carolina, as well as Georgia. All these Indians, however, will go to the far west, and there join their brethren and form one family. I repeat, that I do not mean that the more improved and educated portion of them will remove from their present homes, but only those who are not so advanced in civilisation. Let them remain where they are, and go on improving and enjoying all the blessings of civilisation. I mean that those Indians that are scattered in Michigan, the territory of Iowa, and on the banks of the Mississippi, shall go to one place, and form a great settlement among themselves.

Gentlemen, in advocating this plan in the different States of the Union, I have been asked the question—"Have not the Indians now homes in the west, which the United States have granted them, on the other side of the Mississippi?" Those Indians in Arkansas—the Chickasaws and Creeks,

and several other nations have homes there, and the same kind that they had when they were east of the Mississippi river. It is said that their homes have been so secured to them that no one can buy their homes from them. That, gentlemen, is our present version of the acts of the General Government with the Indians; but have they not been violated in bygone ages? Have not the laws which have been secured to this people been violated by those who succeeded to the law-making power? Most assuredly they have. Unfortunately for the Government of the United States, the commissioners appointed by it to select a territory for the Indians, selected the best portions of the west, and the consequence has been that circumstances have rendered it impossible—and unfortunately—for them to hold their lands.

In the first place, their position is such that their land extends all the way from Texas to the North, like a barrier through which emigration must press. There, roads are to be constructed and canals opened through their country. Military roads, too, will be opened for emigrants; and, no sooner do you propose to go and buy one acre of land to open these highways, than the eye of the Indian will be directed with suspicion to their Great Father, and the Indians will be removed from the last acre of land that they hold.

2. The quality of their land is another great inducement to deprive them of it, and they never can hold it. Several months ago, I was conversing on the subject with Mr. Albert Gallatin, of New York, when he remarked, "That is one of the greatest reasons why the Indians can never hold the lands which the United States has ceded to them. The quality is such, that the people living out west will tease the Indian, and also the Government of the United States, that in the end the land will be bought again from the Indians by the Government." Then, again, the day will come when we will see trouble, as in the State of Georgia.

3. The quantity of the land is so great that they cannot hold it. And what do the Indians want with so much land, when we are attempting to teach them the science of agriculture? For the having so much land begets a feverish anxiety on their part for deer hunting; and, as long as there is a deer on their territory, so long will they let fall every agricultural implement from their hands, and take their guns, to maintain themselves by hunting.

4. They have no means of educating their children, because they are inhabiting so broad an extent of country, that it is impossible for the people of the United States to supply them with schools, and teachers of morality, and the arts and sciences, which are necessary to elevate their condition.

5. They depend upon the proceeds of the sales of their lands, and having a great quantity for sale, they dispose of it, and will reason thus:—"My children will fare no worse than I have fared. I was living yonder; my father sold a portion of the territory which we occupy to the United States, upon the proceeds of which I and my children have lived, and now the United States will buy this land from us. My children will fare the same as I fared, ever since I sold it to the United States.* Therefore, it will not be worth while to have plantations, because they will only be a loss to us; for, no sooner have we our plantations and our farms, than we must be compelled to sell them through necessity." This moving, then, must still go on westwardly, till the last Indian shall stand on the barren peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and gaze on the land which has been taken from him. The kind-hearted then will drop a tear for the fate of that race, which was once noble and free as the eagle that soars in the skies.

6. The scarcity of food which must follow, will produce trouble between the Indians and the Government of the United States; for, as long as there is a deer or a buffalo on this side of the Rocky Mountains, no cloud of discord will be over

* That is, living on their annuities for the time being.

the head of the Indian and the white man. But, no sooner will the last resource of the Indian be gone, than he will nerve himself for the worst, and take up his weapons of warfare. He will feed for a time upon the cattle on the frontier, but no sooner has he killed a bullock or a steer for his subsistence, than the newspapers abroad will proclaim that "the Indians are coming against us, and they are killing our cattle by hundreds;" that the whole country is in danger; and soon the soldiers will be on the spot, and the rattling of their fire-arms be heard, giving proof of the destruction of a race that once lived in this country. And when, gentlemen, that day comes, the Indian will die with his weapons of war—for he will not die but at the mouth of the cannon, when desperation has driven him to it. In order to avert this state of things, I have addressed the legislatures of the several States. I love peace—I am for peace.

7. The Indians, in their present distinctive position—in the isolated condition in which they are found—will perpetuate the peculiarities which characterise them as a nation apart from others. The Sioux, the Winnebagoes, the Pottawatamies, the Osages, and the rest of the Indians have their several peculiarities; but when you come to throw their interest in the centre, the effect will be to unite the one tribe to the other—an interest which

the United States alone is capable of giving and controlling. What, I ask, would be the natural results of such an arrangement, if carried into operation? In the first place, there would be a perceptible improvement in the physical, intellectual and moral condition of the Indians. Their seminaries of learning would be permanent. There is now annually appropriated, by the generosity of the people of the United States, for the purpose of educating the Indians, the sum of 10,000 dollars, and that is so divided in the west, that sometimes two or three dollars of it come to us at the head waters of the Mississippi and the Lake Superior. The money, in short, is so scattered along the banks of the Mississippi river, and the banks of the great northern lakes, as not to be of any perceptible advantage to those for whom it is intended. The small sum of 10,000 dollars, circulated over so extensive a country, and intended to be used in paying teachers to educate the Indians, does little or no good.

Suppose you were to go and sow seed on the ground, putting two grains there, and one here, and another yonder, when the ground was rich to produce fruit; and, in the spring of the year, on going to it, you would find but a very spare crop—a little stick here and another there only—the little birds having had access to the seed at all times,

and much of which would be destroyed by disease. This by way of illustration. But, gentlemen, put the Indians on one territory, in a central position, and use the fund now set apart for school purposes, and you will have schools and seminaries of learning that shall reflect credit alike upon the Indians and the Government of the United States, the benefits and good effects of which will be felt for ages to come. Wherever the Government and the missionaries have succeeded in educating the Indians, they have become an industrious, moral, and well-behaved people. We have learned to read and write. We have tried to become like the white people, but when the Indian sees the deer bounding before him, he will let drop all his implements of husbandry, and follow the chase.

But no sooner have the Indians gone on and made improvements, and our children begun to like to go to the school-houses which have been erected, than we hear the cry of the United States Government, "We want your lands;" and, in going from one place to another, the Indian loses all that he had previously learned. But were they to be placed in a position where they would for ever be free from molestation, then they would profit by the establishment of schools among them, and religion and piety would increase and flourish among that people. The disastrous effects of removing the

Indians have been shown on the banks of the Ohio and the Sandusky, and in Georgia and New York, where the Presbyterians laboured hard to make the Indians what they were, twenty-five or thirty years ago. And no sooner did the tree of piety begin to expand its limbs, than comes the request, "We want you to go westward. We want your lands." The Indian reluctantly gives up his land to the American Government, not believing, at first, that they were in earnest; but, when he was convinced of the fact, and his soul being almost teased out of him, and the soldiers having dug up the tree, and taken it to the woods of Arkansas, there to plant it, he surrendered.

We have ever been told that while the eye of philosophy has ever looked on, that, under all favourable circumstances, the Indian would be Indian still. And, I would ask, who, under such circumstances, would improve? We cannot find institutions of learning, even among the whites, cherished though they may be to a greater extent, always patronised according to their worth.

2. When the Indians have a permanent home given, then what they did on their plantations would of course be permanent. When you give them a home, you will find contentment around their firesides; but, if they see a probability of their being removed still farther westward, the Indians

will act as they have always done, showing that they have no faith in the Government of the United States.

Yes! when I went to Washington, last April, I saw there a chief from Green Bay, whose name was John Quincy, to whom I opened my heart as to what I intended, if possible, to accomplish. No sooner did he learn what my object was, than he rose from his seat, and stretching forth his hands—the tears running from his eyes—he said, "I hope the Great Spirit will preserve your life till you accomplish this object; for if the day shall come when the United States shall grant to the Indians a country to the west, I will be the first one to move there, for I am tired of moving about from place to place; for, when we came from the State of New York to Green Bay, we were told that we should not have to remove again; and now, again, Col. Medilly will not settle with us for $7,000, in order that we might sell our lands again, as we did several years ago." The poor man then sat down.

Ah, my dear friends, if there be any one here who calls himself a man, I would ask him if he would not feel for any one placed in such circumstances as these?

3. By circumscribing the domains of the Indians, you will make agriculturists of them. Twenty-five years ago, in Canada, we were all hunters, and it

is now seventeen or eighteen years since we became agriculturists. So long as there was a deer to hunt, within a range of eighteen or twenty miles, we did not regard agricultural pursuits; but no sooner was the country cleared and settled, than we became agriculturists. No sooner did they find that they could raise grain in the quantity of 1000 bushels a year, than they were encouraged to labour.

4. The Indians are a social race. They are social among themselves, and were they to be placed in a central position, the intimacy between the several nations would soon become strong, and they would be on the most friendly terms. Their respective nationalities would, before the lapse of many years, be lost, and they would become social and kind towards each other; and thus would be brought about a peaceful state of society, which is necessary in order to their improvement.

5. Contentment would be followed by all its attendant blessings. The missionary societies would have great influence, and one school teacher could be employed in educating hundreds; but, while the Indians are in a separate and isolated condition, they cannot avail themselves of these advantages. So that, in forty or fifty years hence, the condition of the Indians will be greatly ameliorated and improved. I say it is impossible for you, according

to your present system, to succeed in converting the whole of the North American Indians.

6. You must convince the Indians that it is for their good and their salvation—that it will be just and right. The Indian is not a stupid being. When he is convinced, by the advice and arguments of some kind-hearted man, that his home is never to be touched again—that his children are never to be removed, and that the fruit of his labour is never to be blasted as heretofore,—then will he accept it and act upon it.

7. The improvement of which I speak cannot be accomplished in one day, or in one year, or five years. The elements are now ripening in the far west. If the Government of the United States would look to the example of William Penn, and assure the Indians that their new home should be permanent, then they need never fear that one arrow is ever to be directed against it, or the people of the United States. So long as the people follow the example of that kind and good-hearted man, William Penn, towards the Indians of Delaware, when he first came to this country, they need never be at war with the Indian tribes.

8. Emulation would spring up all around them. Some may do well, and thus set an example to those who are not doing well. We do not expect much from the old men, but after they shall have passed

away—have ceased to exist—their children will imbibe a different spirit from them. They will be guided and governed by Christianity on the one hand, and education on the other.

9. Your Government expenses would become less. Now you are trying to fortify the whole of the west by means of barracks and garrisons. You have spent thousands upon thousands, and millions upon millions of dollars, for the last forty or fifty years, and what has it been for? Because, it is said, it is necessary to defend the frontier settlements from the encroachments of the Indians. Therefore it is that you have sent your soldiers to your garrisons from Arkansas away down to the north. Now all that we have to ask is, to have but one garrison in the central part of the territory. If there is any bad feeling among the Indians, that will be a check upon them. Instead of incurring so much expense and trouble in undertaking to fortify the entire far west with barracks and garrisons, I would ask the Government to give us four or five hundred soldiers, to go (not as a great many have done, to break down and overawe the Indian spirit, under pretext that they are encroaching upon the white people) to ward off the hard-hearted white men, who disturb the peace of the Indians by selling them liquors—for many of them are worse than the

worst kind of Indians I ever did see. (Applause and laughter.)

10. In buying up the country which lies on this side of the Rocky Mountains, I would have given but one price for it—for, according to Col. Mc Kinney's statement, you have given a quarter of a cent per acre for the land to the Indians, who have afterwards sold it to the Government for half a cent, by having to purchase it so often.

11. The expense of sending agents to reside among the Indians has become a loss on the part of the Government, for we would ask but one or two. You have got ten or fifteen among the Chippewas, and ten or fifteen among other nations, and consequently you have expended thousands of dollars needlessly. And some of these agents do not know the Indian character, and are, therefore, unfit to be agents. We want agents who would keep the door, and all the whites that should come among us would have to come through them. By this means we would ward off a great many wicked men; and when there are any offenders against the laws of the United States, we will hand them over for punishment, and when also there should happen to be any offenders against our own laws, we will punish them. If there is any misunderstanding between the Indians and the agents, then the difficulty can be adjusted between the parties.

12. The expense of transporting the Indians has been great to the Government, but as soon as you give a country to the Indians, you will be relieved from the trouble of removing them, for they will go there of themselves.

13. The missionary labours there would become permanent, which has not been the case since their labours have been broken up. And the Indian has always been the sufferer.

14. Gentlemen, in conclusion, I deem it necessary to give the reasons why the Indians have decreased and not improved,—why they have decreased in a vastly greater proportion since the introduction of the white race on this continent, than before. Prior to their landing on these shores, the small pox, and many other virulent and noxious diseases, were unknown among the Indians.

The wars that have raged among themselves. Before the discovery of America, and before the introduction of fire-arms from Europe, the wars among the Indians were not so fatal and destructive as they are now. They have been taught to handle fire-arms with a great deal of skill. The history of Pennsylvania, — the history of the New England States, and the history of the south, all tells in what manner those wars were conducted. Champlain, in 1612, supplied the Indians in the north with fire-arms, to oppose the Six Nations in that part of

Canada, now composing a portion of the State of New York, who at length became so reduced in numbers that they were compelled to give up the contest. And so it was with the Spaniards in the south, who, as well as the French and English, also furnished arms to the Indians. In all the wars that have been waged in this country among the European powers, the Indian was always asked to show his fearless nature on the battle-field, in behalf of the English, French, Spaniards, and Americans. And when the Indian has received these weapons of war from them, his heart has bled, and he has suffered. Yes! look towards the south. In 1763, the Spaniards were waging war against the French. Look in the State of New York, among that class of people who were of German descent, who encouraged the Indians to war against each other. Look, too, among the people of the north in Canada, where the British Government furnished the Indians with munitions of war, and encouraged them to fight against the North Americans. Sometimes the Indian has been called a savage, because he has been called upon to go and show his bravery in the field.

I ask you, gentlemen, as intelligent men,—men who live in an enlightened age,—which was the most savage, those who knew not the origin of these wars, or those who did? Spirituous liquor

has been the great cause of the decrease of the Indians of this country. Disease, war, and famine have alike preyed upon the life of the Indian. But, ah, alcoholic spirits have cut off the existence of those nations who have left the records of their existence upon their rivers and their mountains. I remember well, when I was but a child, that my mother related to me the introduction of liquor on the shores of Lake Superior. Some young men, (said she,) were urged to go down to Montreal. They went, and returned late in the year; a council of the nation was called, and one of the men seized a war club and knocked down another. He then fled into the woods, and his brother took the place of the murderer, ordered the men to make two fires, and place a post behind him; then to paint his bare breast black, and put a white spot near the place where he felt his heart beating. And when all these things had been done, twelve warriors came forth with their bows and arrows to shoot him in the breast as soon as he was ready. "Don't shoot me," he said, "till I have sung the death song." When he was ready, he called out to his brother, "I am now ready to die in your stead, and if you can live to endure the idea, that the world shall look upon you as a coward, you will not disgrace the clan to which you belong, by shrinking from that which you merit;" and then he began to

sing. The murderer now ran to him, and pushing him aside, pointed to his breast, and made a white spot where he felt his heart beating. He then exclaimed, "I am not a coward—I am not afraid to die—I went to the woods to get sober, for I would not die drunk." After saying this, he commenced singing the death song, and when he gave the signal that he was ready to die, twelve arrows pierced his heart, and he fell, one of the first victims to alcohol.

> "Ah! brandy, brandy, bane of life,
> Spring of tumult, source of strife;
> Could I but half thy curses tell,
> The wise would wish thee safe in hell."

[Here Mr. Copway read the series of resolutions which had been passed by the legislatures of North Carolina and South Carolina, respectively.]

Mr. C. resumed, saying,—In conclusion, gentlemen, I will say that I have detained you too long. I ask nothing more than what is reasonable, and in asking this of the people of the United States, I feel more confident that my humble petition will be granted by this legislature, at least, on account of Pennsylvania's early history, in connection with the Indians. I am convinced that there has been friendly relations existing between the Indians and the people of Pennsylvania particularly. Oh, when I think of that day when peace reigned between

the Indians and William Penn! That was a glorious period, and he was a kind-hearted and humane man.

I have ever venerated the name of William Penn, and whenever I have thought of the tree under which he made his treaty, which never has been broken, I have often thought, if I had only been under the boughs of that old elm tree, I should have been satisfied. I sent to Philadelphia, three or four years ago, to endeavour to procure a little piece of that tree, but I failed to obtain it; and I never succeeded in getting hold of any of it until yesterday. Yesterday I received a card from a lady in Philadelphia, requesting me to call at her house; I did so, and, on entering one of the rooms, I saw a picture of the old tree. After salutation, she said, "There is the tree under which William Penn made his treaty with the Indians. I have understood that you were inquiring for a piece of it, and many have tried to get it from me; and I do not know why I have not parted with it before; and now, it seems to me, is the proper time to part with it. I will give it to you."

And I took it in my hand and pressed it to my bosom. There it is, and I hope, as long as I live and venerate the name of William Penn, that I shall keep it close to where my heart beats, for I revere the memory of that old man. I venerate

the very day when he first came to negotiate with the Indians of this country. For seventy years not a cloud in the heavens portended danger and discord. The Great Spirit even smiled upon the wild Indian and the white man, as they smoked the pipe of peace. Oh, last summer, when I was in the city of Washington, on the 4th of July, I thought to myself, when I saw the people enjoying themselves, and flocking around at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument to the memory of Washington, that if the day came when the Indians shall have peaceable possession of their homes in the west, I would get my people to raise another monument to the memory of George Washington. We will point our children to his noble form, and speak of his exalted character and love of country, in the hope that they may emulate his spirit, and follow his glorious example in all that was great and good.

We trust that the time may come when the Indians of the far west will have it in their power, as it is their inclination, to erect a monument as well to the memory of Gen. Washington as to that of William Penn. The eagle of liberty is stretching forth his wings all over the earth, and the mountains of France and Germany have received him. The isles of the sea are celebrating their songs of liberty, and will not, I ask, the Indian participate

in the glorious jubilee? You, gentlemen, have too much patriotism in your hearts—you have too much love in your hearts—to let the Indian die without being lamented.

Many have asked—"Who is that Indian? Where has he come from, and where was he born? And what is he about?" They have asked one another these questions, when I have been endeavouring to explain my views in relation to the salvation of my poor countrymen. Thank heaven, I am an Indian. Yes; were I to be the last to stand on the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, I would still raise my hand to the world as a part of a noble specimen of humanity, the representative of the Indians who once lived in this country. I heard one gentleman say to another—"Who is that?" alluding to myself. "Who is he?" Now, if he is in this hall at the present time, tell him "I am a native American." [Applause and laughter.]

Mr. C., in conclusion, said—I beg this audience—highly intelligent and respectable as it is—to receive my warm acknowledgments for their kind attention this evening; and I pray the Great Spirit that you and I may, while we live, do something for the benefit of the world—that, when we are about to visit the world to come, and the Angel of Death appears to sever our bodies from our souls, that the latter may fly, like an eagle, to mansions

in the skies. I trust that the white man and the Indian may meet where they shall swear eternal friendship before their God.

A few days after I had delivered the foregoing address, a very appropriate resolution was passed by the Pennsylvanian Legislature, approving of my plan for saving my poor brethren.

I laid a petition before the Congress of the United States at their last meeting, which will be acted on during the coming session, and I shall never cease to petition the Government until something is done in furtherance of the object I have proposed.

I subjoin a copy of the resolution passed by the Legislature of North Carolina, after I had delivered an address before that body:—

"Whereas, the condition of the various Indian tribes upon the western frontier of the United States appeals to the humanity and justice of the General Government, to devise some plan by which a permanent home may be secured to them; by which their existence as a people may be secured and perpetuated; by which their moral, intellectual, and social condition may be improved, and the blessings of civilisation and civil liberty at length secured to them:

"Be it therefore resolved, &c., that we recom-

mend this subject to the serious consideration of the Congress of the United States, that in the exercise of their wisdom they may mature a plan by which the *Indian Tribes* inhabiting our western frontier territory may be placed more directly under the paternal care of the General Government; by which a specific region of country may be set apart for their permanent abode, secured to them for ever against further encroachment, and undisturbed by the great current of western emigration; by which their moral, intellectual, and social condition may be improved and elevated; by which the blessings of education, civilisation, and Christianity may be imparted to them; by which they may all be brought together and united in one grand confederation, and thus prepared for the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty; and, if found practicable, they may be ultimately admitted into our Federal Union."

Governor Ch. Manly, of this State, transmitted the above resolution to the Congress of the United States.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE following letters were originally addressed to the newspapers in Boston. I have been requested to give them in this work, with a few of the notices from the editors of the American papers, to whom I owe a great debt of gratitude for aiding me in all that I have done for my brethren.

LETTER I.

New York.

SIR,—Before leaving these Atlantic cities for the woods in the far distant west, permit me to converse with your readers, some of whom may have seen notices of the addresses and lectures of an Indian chief, in the halls of different legislatures from south to north.

The great object of my efforts has been to awaken an interest in the minds of the people of the Atlantic States, in behalf of that long-neglected race, the aborigines of America. That Government might collect the Indians in one body, in the west, for the purpose of forming them into one State, thus preparing the way for their improvement.

The deep interest I have seen manifested in behalf of the Indians, by the American people of the States through which I have travelled, leads me to believe that the majority of the Palefaces wish the red men well.

The North Carolina Legislature passed a joint resolution after I had addressed them, strongly recommending my plan to the consideration of the American Government; and the resolution was transmitted to Congress.

My next visit was to the Legislature of South Carolina, where I was received in the kindest manner, and had the honour of addressing the members on the fifteenth of last December. At the expiration of a few days a resolution was passed by the House in my favour, and concurred in by the Senate.

I then started for the north, remaining for a short time in Charleston, where the crowds who attended my lectures denoted the feeling of the people of that city, to whom I am indebted for numerous favours.

I stopped in Wilmington, N. C., and addressed the Virginia Legislature, but that body was so pressed with business that no resolution was passed; but I was informed that one will be, at its next session.

My address before the Pennsylvania Legislature was published in full. I greatly esteem the people

of that State, for their deep regard for my efforts to educate and elevate the Indian. They are worthily the descendants of William Penn. They have always been *friends* of the Indians, and have stood at their side when all others forsook them and fled. They have taught them to handle the hoe, and taught them to love the Maker of all.

After delivering a course of lectures, by request of the mayor, and other eminent citizens in Philadelphia, I left for New York. This is the Rome of the New World. It takes full one year of close effort to interest the people, and there is but one way in which this can be done—to let the shadow of a mighty dollar appear on the walls of their public halls.

By the advice of friends, I visited your city, in which I found many warm-hearted friends. The kindness bestowed upon an Indian stranger by your worthy governor, by Amos A. Lawrence, Esq., and other influential citizens, can never be forgotten. As my friend H. W. Longfellow has beautifully said:—

> "Friends, my soul with joy remembers!
> How like quivering flames they start,
> When I fan the living embers,
> On the hearthstone of my heart."

What else could I do but love and esteem the American people? I love their Bible and their

institutions. I admire their magnanimity and their perseverance. Industry, being guided by their intelligence, causes the sea to do their will, and has opened channels, through which commerce pours its treasures at their feet. The roar of the cannon speaks for its defence, and the flag that waves over it is the charter of its rights.

While revolution after revolution follows in the Old World, and thrones crumble beneath the giant tread of freedom, our own nation stands firm in the right, and, instead of blood and carnage, diffuses among its inhabitants the principles of education. The struggle in the Old World has but commenced. The fearful struggle between the powers of darkness and the powers of light, between the *lion* of despotism and the *eagle* of freedom.

America! America! I adore thee! Land of intelligence, of industry, and the fruits thereof. I have drunk from thy mountain streams. I have gazed at thy lofty mountains, and floated in my birchen canoe over the calm surface of thy glassy lakes.

"America, America, heaven's blessings attend thee,
While we live, we shall cherish and love and defend thee!
Though the scorner may sneer, and the witless defame thee,
Our heart swells with gladness whenever we name thee."

My letter is dated in New York. As an Indian, I walk these streets amid the palaces of the white

man. The walls, how high—the streets, how hard! All rush by me with arrow-like speed. Silks and rags go side by side in Broadway. Here are the world's extremes. I cannot remain here long. I must away to the western woods and lakes, to the falls of St. Anthony, across the prairies, to the base of the Rocky Mountains. I shall take the fish-hook and pole. When I have been lucky you shall hear from me, and I will send you an invitation to partake of a feast at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

You will hear from me at Washington, before I leave for the west.

Yours, &c.

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

LETTER II.

Washington, May, 1849.

SIR,—In my last I told you that I would write from Washington, and now, not knowing how soon I may be off from here, I sit down to talk once again with your numerous readers.

Washington! What a name! The nation's pride, the centre of patriots, and the model of men for centuries to come. The wide world's languages

with their dialects have learned to pronounce it. The fame of the man, though silent, will speak to new-born millions. Mothers whisper this name in the ears of innocency. How appropriate for a new-born republic! Those massive pillars of the Capitol and the White House, and that shaft which is about to be reared to the skies, must wear away before the name will cease to be a motto for nations abroad, and for the two hundred States which must exist, when all this American land is subdued by commerce and art.

Washington is comparatively still to what it generally is. But the same dust that rose in white columns, when I first saw the city three years ago, is still here rising from the Avenue. To-day the north-west winds have been rather uncourteous to aged heads, and garments play rather curious tricks.

The trees on the Avenue look quite green. The song of birds among them is heard, and the tiny homes for a tiny race are being built. The flowers sweeten the air, and children sportfully play with the gold fish in the reservoir, in front of the Capitol. To-day, tired with looking at mud walls, just before sunset I went to Georgetown heights. I passed by people who had the same disagreeable disease with which Yankeedom is afflicted, namely, "curiosity,"—white men and women, a glorious mix-

ture—you know what I mean. Mouths were opened. "There is that Indian chief," said an urchin, advancing before me. I made at him as though I would *cane* him, and I have not since seen him; for, as he started, he made an effort to squeal, and whirled around a corner as though he would run to the end of the world, and neither stop nor look back. Scare that boy again in like manner, and he would be as white as his neighbours. Poor child, I would not harm a straight hair of your head.

After reaching the top, nearly out of breath, I glanced my eyes over the panoramic view about me. The wind, how bracing—the gentle rustling of the leaves of the trees, how musically delightful! Before me lay the waters of the Potomac, clothed with white sails.

"What is yon dark streak?" inquires my friend. "It is the bridge, a mile and a quarter long."

The sun began to sink. With what a gorgeous fold it enwraps itself, as the music of creation lulls it to rest. The clouds around it, attending ministers on its departure, on one side appeared as a full blaze; on the other, like giant waves foaming and careering onward. It has sunk behind the trees, and their foliage is in a crimson hue. O, could I have a bower there! Methinks that when I slept I should dream of Eden's pleasant groves!

What a beautiful sight! A Boston poet stood before me like a statue, gazed, wondered, admired! He said nothing, but his eyes flashed with the fire of his soul. In his silence there was language! Far off on yonder branch sings the mocking bird of the south, and nearer was a robin, both chanting the praise of their Creator. Other birds flew by to their nest. Night creeping over the vale below, I turned away reluctantly from the glorious scene.

Just now I have passed the large building, the Treasury—Uncle Samuel's pocket—in which is held the common cents of the nation.

Good night! My friend has gone ahead of me, and is waiting my arrival in the land of nod.

May 15.—I have just learned a Washington secret, viz., that my friend —— is to dine with the Cabinet to-day, or rather that the Cabinet is to dine with him. Mention it to no one. You can whisper it to the ladies, however—they can keep a secret.

The dust! I wish to leave it, and away to the green fields of the west. I am to know to-day whether I am to receive the aid of Government in the prosecution of my plan to concentrate and civilise the Indians of the west. God knows that the Indians deserve aid and instruction from the American people, and they seem desirous to grant it. What the people wish to do, the Government will

not hinder them from doing; and, to the credit of the men at the head of national affairs be it said, they seem anxious to recompense the red men for the wrongs of the past.

I must close. The clouds are at this moment gathering in their might, and threaten to flood us with cold water.

I am, yours,

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

LETTER III.

Mount Vernon, May, 1849.

SIR,—To-day, for the first time, I had the good fortune to find time to visit this place; the final resting spot of the greatest of modern men.

Mayor Seaton, of Washington, gave us a note to the present occupant, Mr. Washington; and after a ride of sixteen miles by land, in company with my friend Mr. John S. Adams, of Boston, we came in view of the spot. On our way to the tomb we were obliged to travel a most disagreeable road—ditches, rivulets, narrow passes, tangled woods, and other evils obstructed our way. We drove up to the gate and "uncle" somebody came hobbling along to open it. In these diggins, habituate

yourself in calling every negro you meet, who is half a minute older than yourself, "uncle," and you will pass anywhere.

He opened the gate and we entered; looking upon the old dilapidated brick walls on our right hand, and going up to the door, I delivered my note, and was soon requested to walk into the passage.

"Dah," said a curly-headed urchin, "walk round and see what you can see."

"But where is Mr. Washington?" I inquired.

"He is in dat room dah, sir."

"What, is he sick?"

"No, sair; but you will look round de room and see what you can see."

We strolled about the parlour, sitting-room, and passage, and used all the exertion we could to "see what we could see." We looked about us in vain for some person to conduct us to the tomb. When I asked the coloured boy the location of it, he struck out his long arm in a horizontal position, and pointing to a long brick wall, said "Dah!"

I went to the front of the once elegant mansion, and stood on the brow of a hill, under the branches of a tall tree. The Potomac lay below, and not a ripple was to be seen. The air was sultry and still. O, how still! Two magnolia trees in front of the house were seemingly drooping into decay, but the

cool air of the evening was only needed to revive them.

The house was in a very neglected, timeworn condition; the oak trees seemed to flourish better than anything else; and the windows corresponded with other parts of the house, except two of them, which seemed to have more attention bestowed on them than did the others, being adorned with superb curtain hangings.

Seeing no white man, we availed ourselves of the guidance of an old negro. He began to speak of the greatness of George Washington, and between each word would escape a sigh.

"There," said he, "is the place where massa Washington sleeps."

Here, at the gate, I stood, and when I gazed on the marble coffin which contained his body an indescribable feeling filled my soul, of pleasure and regret. Here rest the remains of a man whose fame is as boundless as the ocean—whose honour towers above the skies—whose virtues are sung in other lands, and will be a lesson to the children of generations yet to come—a model for heroes, a model for Christians. Here rests the man in whose breast burned the true flame of patriotism; the man whose voice was heard above the din of battle —whose counsels piloted the ship of freedom through tempestuous seas, and who hoisted the

stars and stripes, beneath which American commerce now floats in security. It was he who fed the young eagles in their defenceless homes, in their hour of peril, till they became strong, till the hour of peril was past, and they were let loose to bear over the world the charter of freedom which Washington marked out for it. They go from east to west, and soon all shall be free—this earth a paradise, and men and angels one.

Who of all the ambitious Cæsars of the Old World could be compared with George Washington? When we speak of Napoleon, the heart is sickened with the thought of blood. But around the memory of Washington, the light of an unclouded sun is seen. The one led on his warriors with an iron sceptre—the other governed them with a smile. Both died. One soothed by the hands of an angel, the other pressed down by the thoughts of the anguish he had caused. The grave of one was where the ocean looked in fury—the grave of the other in quiet, watered by the tears of grateful millions of freemen.

Absorbed with thoughts like these, for the first time my inflexible nature gave way to its *feelings*. I could not help it.

I am sorry that they do not keep it better. It should be a marble castle, in which the angel of light might watch his dust till the morn of the resurrection.

I turned from the tomb, and on the tree there sat a moaning dove. It seemed to be conscious that we came there to weep. Warble on, little bird! When we are blest with a home in paradise, I will feed thee with fruits immortal.

The sun is sinking in a blaze of glory. The skies are of a crimson hue, and the foliage of the tree throws its shadow upon our path. The tame deer are sporting around us, and with many pleasures and regrets we leave.

It is now nearly seven o'clock, p.m., and we have eighteen miles to go; so, for the present, farewell.

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

LETTER IV.

Norfolk, Va., May 29, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—From the date of my letter you will learn that I am still going south, instead of north or west.

Norfolk is now full of alarming rumours. The cholera is here, and people are more religiously inclined than usual. A revival is now in progress in one of the churches, the result of which will, I trust, remain longer than the epidemic; though, doubtless, in some cases it will pass away with the alarm that gave it birth.

This place is favourably situated for commerce, having a good harbour, the best I have ever seen. The land in its vicinity is very good for agricultural purposes, and the principal products are corn, tobacco, and sweet potatoes. Ships are here from all ports. In view are vessels just arrived, others just departing. Hark! you can hear the sailor's song and the rattling of the cordage. Up, up go the sails—one toss of the sailor's hat, one adieu to the landsmen, and they are off. These white sails on the ocean are like lilies on the pond, dotting it wherever commerce has travelled.

There is something sublimely grand in the idea of a frail bark struggling across from continent to continent. Storm raging, winds howling and waves moaning, and thus to be upon the deep, hemmed in by the mighty walls of the ocean!—but I must stop writing about it, for a sensation of sea sickness already creeps over me at the bare thought of it.

It is near ten o'clock, a.m., and curiosity leads me to go over the ferry, to the place where that ship of ships, the *Pennsylvania*, is anchored. Her masts tower above all others, a hundred feet higher than the highest. When I inquired whether I could be conveyed on board, I was told that the cholera was on board, and that one of the four persons who had been attacked by it was dead. So, instead of going on board the ship, I strolled

about the navy yard, which exceeds any place of the kind I have ever seen; the row of houses, workshops and ship-houses. What a noisy place. Go it, ye hammers and tongs and saw-mills! There are at present a thousand men at work in this yard. Spike-makers, cable and anchor makers, groups here and groups there, making extensive preparations for war; and nothing is done for peace! I think the day is not far distant when the good reputation of our nation will not be based on the number of its guns or the size of its naval fleet.

Cannons and balls! This is a part of civilisation which I hope my people will never learn. Some time ago the famous warrior Black Hawk was brought from Washington to this yard, to see the preparations which the Government was making for war; more particularly, however, to see the great ship. I am told that he was conducted all over the yard, and no sign of emotion did he manifest until he was led to the great ship. He gazed in wonder at the tall masts, the strong rigging, the steam engine, and the boilers, and asked, "Who made this great canoe?" He was told, and with a shake of the head said, "I should like to see the man that made this big canoe; he must be a great warrior." He inquired who it was that guided it? When he was shown, he could hardly believe that

the person had power in his arms to steer such a canoe in a storm.

Strawberries are plenty here, but few persons eat them, supposing them to contain too much cholera. I devoured a pretty good portion of them the other day, and am certain there was none in those I ate. In Portsmouth, I found the streets well limed and *white-washed.* I think the prevailing epidemic will rage here, as the ground is very low, flat, and there is much stagnant water.

The famous Cypress Swamp is not far from here, where the staves are obtained, and in which snakes and alligators abound.

Many runaway slaves are housed in this swamp, and live like bears in the woods, seldom seeing any white people. Some have lived thus for twenty years. They raise their grain in patches, and the region is very large.

The Virginians are very hospitable people. About a year ago, while in Richmond, a request was sent to me to visit Charles city. In about a week afterwards, I made arrangements to go.

When I arrived in the city I did not know it. I alighted, and found about one thousand people who had met to hear the Indian. A church was open. Tall oaks and pines shadowed us, that had maintained their position for at least a hundred years. There was not another house at a less

distance than three miles,—and such was Charles city! I thought, if that was a city, we could boast of many cities in the wild woods.

Though the people here are very hospitable, there are two classes of Yankees against whom they hold an inveterate dislike, namely, fanatical abolitionists, and clock pedlers.

Would to God slavery was abolished! but there is too much fire and brimstone in the denunciations of men of misguided zeal. What! crush the Constitution of the United States? It seems like a mole beneath the earth, crying out, "take down the sun, for it does me no good." If you ask, what shall be done to abolish slavery? I reply, use those means which are in the hands of the people; diffuse sound education; let the ministry of north and south *preach and practise a pure Christianity;* then will the slaves be set free.

The Virginians are not a stubborn people. Many of them have spoken freely to me, and expressed their convictions of the evils of slavery, but they are much like the *Indian* in one particular; they *will not be driven to do a good act.* You may drive an Indian to the very gate of heaven, but he will not enter to enjoy its pleasures; but entwine the thread of love and gentleness with the hand of kindness and you can lead him—yea, a nation too. That spirit which is thus diffused in the act disarms

the savage breast of its fires, and thus it is with all men.

I had expected to have been on my way west before this, but the Indian department having no funds at its disposal, I shall be obliged to endeavour to interest the American people during this summer. Having received assurances of kindness from the various departments of Government, I am led to hope that at the next session of Congress I shall secure its aid.

My next will be a notice of the noble deeds of Pacahontas, the daughter of the renowned Powhatan, the pride and glory of the American Indians.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

LETTER V.

JAMES RIVER—SMITH AND POCAHONTAS.

Chesapeake Bay, July 15, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—The noble river which has its name from the first adventurer in that part of our country now known as Virginia, flows amid scenes of picturesque beauty. It is swollen by a number of smaller streams that empty into it. I never gazed on any

object in my life more attentively than I did on that river, when for the first time I passed over its surface. I gazed thoughtfully on either side, and fancied a bold untutored Indian bounding among its shaded coverts, before the Paleface came among his tribe with those elements of sin, which have caused the downfall and almost entire extinction of his race.

About noon, quite a stir was seen among the passengers of the "Curtis Peck," as we passed down the river. Many eyes were directed towards a point on our left, and some one said, "we shall soon see old Jamestown." It was at this place that the first settlement was made by Smith and his comrades, in the year 1607. Virginia can boast of the many sons she has produced to fill the presidential chair of our nation, and of many daughters who signalised themselves by acts of bravery in the struggle for freedom. Of these last, none exceeds, in point of disinterested benevolence, Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, the then ruling chief of that vast area of country. Smith was taken by a party of the warriors of Powhatan, some distance from his own residence, and after being led about from village to village as an object of wonder, escorted by a party of warriors, dressed in the skins of wild beasts, and their heads decorated very fantastically with feathers, was led to Werowocomoco,

on the north side of the Fork River, at that time the residence of Powhatan.

Word had previously been sent to the chief that the pale stranger had been taken, and no doubt his pleasure was asked respecting the disposal of him. Smith was taken by a guard to the door of Powhatan's lodge, and he was not mistaken in his supposition that he was to be presented to that renowned prince. Around were the wigwams of the warriors, and he was obliged to withstand the inquisitive gaze of the people. He says, in his narrative, that when he entered the lodge, Powhatan sat on his throne at the upper part of the enclosure, with a majesty he had never before seen in Christian or pagan lands. The lofty and bold demeanour of the prince gave Smith a very favourable opinion of him. His family and friends were around him, and his couch was hung with rich furs.

A consultation was held to decide as to what should be done. Meanwhile, he was treated as a distinguished warrior of their nation. The queen herself brought the water that he used in washing. She placed food before him and desired him to eat, but the anxiety he felt as to his fate prevented him from partaking. It was at length decided that he should die at their hands, as he was at the head of the band of strangers who had come among them, and they knew not but that his intentions were evil.

Preparations for his execution were quickly made —the song and the dance begun. All gazed at the victim with wild intensity. The women brought their young to look at the pale stranger. Young and old pitied his fate, but, according to the custom of the people, remained silent, and looked on the fulfilment of the decrees of the aged.

The warriors were commanded by Powhatan to bring a stone from the side of the river. All being arranged, the victim was seized by two warriors, and led to the place of execution. Smith showed not the least sign of fear, but calmly laid himself down as if to sleep, upon the spot from which he never expected to rise. The warriors stood with their heavy clubs raised, which, at the beck of Powhatan, would fall upon the bold adventurer. Men, women, and children surrounded the spot, and it was at this time that they sympathised with the ill-fated man.

A little girl was now seen whispering in the ears of Powhatan. Her simple and childlike actions betrayed the feelings of a heart which pitied Smith. She spake earnestly, and held on his arms, as if she would not be denied her request. The chief advanced. One motion from him, and all would be over. A shout pierced the air, and Powhatan gave the word. As soon as given, Pocahontas flew from beside her father, and flung herself between Smith

and the uplifted club of the warrior, and gazed with imploring look, and eyes bathed in tears, upon her father. O what a lovely picture!—how godlike! how noble! Hard-hearted must that man be, who could not be moved by such an exhibition. The warrior's arms hung down; the fiery flash of Powhatan's eye disappeared, as he bade his warriors desist. Pocahontas having done her work, ran among the crowd, to escape the gaze of the people. Smith was liberated, and by special favour became an inmate of the chief's lodge.

Pocahontas was but ten or eleven years old when this occurred, and how romantic must have been the scene! Heroic was the deed which has immortalised her name! Reader, she was a savage! And it has been said of her race, that they are without tears—unfeeling, cold, cruel, revengeful: but show me, if you can, in American history a parallel.

A few words more. First, historians have disagreed as to the motive that influenced her in the matter. Some say that Pocahontas loved Smith. I cannot find anything in the history of those times that leads me to suppose that the love she had for him was any greater than that she had for all her fellow-creatures. Smith has been charged with ingratitude, on account of his not reciprocating the love which some have supposed the Indian girl bestowed upon him. I, for one, admire the deed of

Pocahontas, and have always regarded Smith as a worthy man in every particular. As a warrior, bold; in his schemes, fearless; in danger, calm; and in misfortune, never despairing. Notwithstanding all these traits of character, I still must censure his after-conduct. When Pocahontas was in England, he did not notice her, nor even acknowledge her as a benefactor, although by periling her life she had saved his own. Such conduct on his part stamps his character with a foul blot, which his deeds of bravery can never conceal.

Second: her name, which must have been given her after her rescue of Smith, indicates that her nation looked on her with some suspicion—*Pah-ka-on-tis.* In this she suffered wrongfully. Partially disowned by her nation, the neglect she received in England at the hands of Smith was more than her spirit could bear, and, after receiving Christian baptism, she died at Gravesend, England, in the year 1617.

Pocahontas! No marble would long enough endure, to hand down the record of her noble deeds to all who should listen to the story of her heroism. You will not wonder that I admire her character, or think her name merits a place among the great of earth.

I am, yours, &c.,

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

P.S.—I leave soon for the west. You will next hear from me at Niagara; then from the falls of St. Marie—Lake Superior—falls of St. Anthony, and the Rocky Mountains.

THE PLEASURES OF SUMMER TRAVEL IN THE WEST.

(For the Chicago Tribune.)

> "He sucks intelligence in every clime,
> And spreads the honey of his deep research,
> At his return—a rich repast for me."

The many sources of recreation and amusement which a traveller finds along his way in the west, are varied and interesting, and seem to me a world of successive glowing scenes. My memory still burns with the heat of excitement, caused by the animating objects of interest with which I have often been surrounded. The wide-spread prairies —the gardens of Nature—the streams of crystal waters which roll their tides over the pebbled course of vales, singing their music to the skies—the bluffs towering on each side of the "Father of the Waters," as it seeks its level in the ocean, far off in the sunny south—the mounds which often, one after the other, in chains, skirt their way through woodlands and then on the prairies—the relics, or rather the tombstones of by-gone generations now

resting in their silence—the waving grass over the rolling prairie by gentle winds, and the thousand wild flowers which often make the very air sweet with their fragrance. O, the west, the west, the mighty west for me!—where groves wave their tops to the sweet air, wholesome, fresh, and pure; and where game roam with the child of the forest, from brook to brook, and quaff wholesome waters as they gush from the side of hills.

During the past season, wandering over the great west, I found much pleasure, perhaps more, where few would feel interested. The same things may not excite in the minds of many, while, from my own nature, and the early associations of childhood, they seem natural.

In ascending the waters of the Mississippi I found many things which gave me pleasure. The towering naked bluffs on the banks are imposingly grand at times. They appear like giant sentinels watching with vigilance the silent waters of the river below. In the morning they seemed to blaze forth in the air, when the sun arose with an unclouded sky.

It was just evening, when the boat, which carried a full freight of merchandise and passengers, neared the "mountain in the water," about ninety miles above the town of Prairie du Chien. We had been puffing and puffing all the day long, and our boat

was still heading up stream. On our right was a vast wilderness, and on our left were to be seen the naked peaks of the bluffs, as though in the act of falling on the waters, as they dimly appeared, while the rays of the sun rapidly disappeared, from the waters of the great river. Between these is the noted mountain called the "mountain in the water," because it is surrounded at its base with the waters of the river. When we were nearly ten miles from it we could discover the woods which skirted the edge—the lone pine and cedar trees which deck its brow. The sun no longer reflected on the waters, nor its rays lighted the lilies of the vale; but the mountain in the water assumed one of the grandest scenes I ever beheld. There it was, in full view, clothed in all the princely array of nature. The shadows of the bluffs from the western banks began to creep up to its heights, slowly ascending to its top. All around, in nature's own garb and in nature's own fires, glowed with its splendour. The wild water-fowl in flocks ascended, and in descending lit on the surface of the water, and the surrounding shore was echoing with our boat's hoarse puff, which seemed animated with the pleasing view. The top of the mountain was in a blaze—the red sky of the west reflected in the waters, and the sun's rays began to disrobe the mountain; "five minutes more," said I, as I held

the watch in my hand, "and then the sun will sink;" and as the last rays of the sun disappeared, the shades of night began to creep from the waters below, until they covered the whole from view. The mountain and light reminded me of the death of the virtuous, dying in full hope of immortality, disrobed of their cares, and to slumber in submission to the will of a propitious God.

The next morning, at sunrise, we were just entering the lake called "Lake Pepin." The river here widens, and the bluffs can be seen unobscured on each shore. The pebbly beach is full of cornelians, which are found along its shore. One of those bluffs is noted for being the place where a Sioux damsel, some eighty years ago, made a fatal leap on account of disappointed love.

The numerous things of interest which I found in the Upper Mississippi, I cannot now speak of; but my visit to the Government offices of the territory, and to the American Fur Company, having been satisfactory, as well as to the Indians, whom I had seen, in pursuance of the great object of concentrating the North-west Indian tribes, which everywhere met with favour.

I had two days of hunting to my satisfaction, which will last me until next summer. One was to hunt with the gun; and having secured a brace of pigeons and about a dozen of wild ducks, I re-

turned that day satisfied; but the following, at the crystal waters of St. Croix, was worth all the shooting, when, with my angling rod, I caught over three dozen of the very best speckled trout. My hands twitch at the recollection of that day's sport, I cannot write intelligibly, and will finish in my next the ramble I made in the valley.

I remain,

Yours, &c.,

KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH,

or, G. COPWAY, Ojibway Nation.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 16th, 1849.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

Lecture of Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh, on the subject of concentrating the Indians of the North-west, upon Territory to be set apart by the General Government.

Last evening, the celebrated Ojibway chief, Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh, or George Copway, lectured in the City Saloon upon the above subject, to a large and highly-gratified audience. The lecturer commenced by referring to the present condition of the Indians —the calamitous effects of the policy pursued towards

them by the United States Government—the causes which have heretofore operated to check their progress in civilisation, and to thwart the efforts constantly being made by philanthropists, who have gone among them for that purpose—all going to show that the inevitable destiny of the Indian race is a yet deeper condition of degradation, of ignorance, of barbarism, and final extirpation, unless some scheme be devised for the amelioration of their condition.

Mr. Copway, after having obtained his education, at the hands of some benevolent gentleman of this State, during the years 1838–9, returned to his nation, fired with the noble impulse of expending his energies in labours for the elevation of his people. For years he toiled and planned in this behalf — established schools and missions — instructed his people in the art of agriculture—endeavoured to teach them the true principles of government, and all other things calculated to advance them in civilisation and individual happiness. These labours gave evidence of abundant fruit; but it was only for a day. A stroke of policy on the part of the General Government—the purchase of lands owned by the tribe—their removal to another territory—the influences under which this removal was effected—the duplicity of agents—the cupidity of contractors and traders—the malign influences

and corrupting examples daily around and before them—these obliterated all traces of past labours —destroyed in a day the work of years, and laid prostrate the hopes that had animated the hearts of the labourers.

Mr. Copway had thus become fully convinced that, under existing circumstances, the cause of his brethren must ever remain hopeless, unless something be done to place them in a position entirely removed from the causes which have heretofore barred their progress in civilisation. Impressed with this belief, he had devoted much serious reflection to the subject, the result of which is embodied in the following scheme :—

The Indians of the North-west, consisting of about 100,000 souls, to be concentrated upon territory to be set apart to their use in perpetuity, by the Government of the United States one hundred miles north of Council Bluffs, on the east bank of the Missouri river. The territory thus given to be one hundred and fifty miles square. A Government to be at once organised, by the appointment of a Governor (who shall be a white man), Lieut.-Governor, and Secretary of State, by the President of the United States. A Territorial Council to be elected by the different tribes, in proportion to their population, which council shall pass all laws needful for the government of the whole people, subject to the

veto of the Governor. The lands to be distributed, free of cost, to the people, subject to such regulations of transfer and limitation as the council shall establish; one of which, however, must be that it shall never be transferred to white men. Common schools and higher seminaries of learning to be established throughout the territory, a leading branch in all of which shall be the science and practice of agriculture. White residents to be excluded, except such as shall be employed by the United States and Territorial Governments. For the present, the territory to be represented at Washington by Commissioners to be appointed by the council. Enjoying these facilities for civilisation—from the necessity of things becoming confirmed in local habits, and compelled to the pursuits which elevate and refine—having become familiarised with our institutions, and prepared to appreciate, love, and live under them—in process of time the Indian Territory to apply for admission into the Union as a State, and become an integral part of the great confederacy.

Such is a meagre outline of Mr. Copway's plan. The arguments by which he supported it were plausible and forcible. His audience were carried along with him, and by loud and repeated applause testified to the reasonableness and justice of his arguments and conclusions. We regret that our

limits prevent us from giving a more complete synopsis of the address, which occupied near two hours in the delivery. Mr. Copway is a forcible speaker—at times witty, convulsing his audience with laughter—now thrilling them with bursts of lofty eloquence, and now convincing them by cogent logic. The perioration of Mr. C.'s speech was touching and impressive in the highest degree. No one that heard it will readily forget it, or easily lose the impressions made by it.

We may add, in conclusion, that whatever may be said in regard to the plausibility of Mr. Copway's scheme, all must admit that this much and more he may in all justice claim from us for his people. He, as representative of those who once owned the entire continent from sea to sea, without a rival to dispute their claims, may well *demand* of us who, by the law of might, have forcibly taken possession of their fair heritage, so small a boon as the one he now craves from the American people.

AN IMPRESSIVE SERMON.

Yesterday afternoon, amidst the celebration of the solemnities of religion that took place in this City of Churches, few perhaps could have produced more interest than the sermon of the Rev. Mr. Copway, otherwise known as the Indian Chief,

Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh. It was delivered before a large congregation, in the church at the corner of Tillory and Lawrence Streets. The subject of the lecture was principally confined to the influence of Christianity, with all its sublime influences, among the untutored children of the west—the remnants of those who were once possessors of this soil. The advance of the pioneer white man, as he bore his fire-water and the worst passions of the white man among tribes whose habits taught them to be contented with that which nature in all its abundance had produced, were the subjects upon which he dilated. If the people of this country would send such men as William Penn among them, they would be able to reciprocate the kindness of their white brethren. But, alas! on account of the want of schools amidst the Indians, may be caused that subserviency to their customs, that makes them resort again to the blanket and the wigwam. Their training not being attended to according to the persuasion of the Christian religion, he must go back instead of going forward. The things which are best adapted to advance the natives of the west, are not those that have been the best adapted to their customs. Education in a different form is necessary. The doctrine to love one another, by binding the good fellowship of all nations, is the one that should be inculcated to them.

Human nature is the same everywhere, and the same feelings actuate the hearts of the Christian.

The Rev. Gentleman attributed to these, as well as other causes, the interception of the advance of civilisation amongst the children of the west. There are other reasons that he said might be given, that retarded their improvement. The first was the introduction of the disease called the small pox, and others that were disposed among them, which their knowledge of medicine was unable to control.

The second is the introduction of fire-arms from the hands of the French, Spanish, and English, which has thinned their ranks. The bravery of the Indian has caused him to be placed in the front ranks; and soon his tribe became depopulated. The happiness that reigned around the fire-side of the Indian's domestic circle has been dashed to the ground before these influences, and the introduction of intoxicating liquors, that deprave the moral pulsations of the heart, and send him to an untimely grave.

It was this that destroyed the brightest virtues of a noble people. The tide of avarice and thirst of gold runs on and brings to the trader profit, at the expense of demoralisation and death. It causes them to covet an enormous territory that is not cultivated, because it is so good—that roads and farms and houses should spring up within it, and

cities become populated. The natural consequence that will ensue is that resistance will follow, and the boom of the cannon, and the roll of the warrior's gun, will sound the last requiem of a departed race.

The Rev. Gentleman then concluded by stating that such horrors would be averted by selecting a home that would afford them a resting place in the Minesotta territory, on the banks of the Mississippi, until in the course of time they would learn the arts and sciences, and become attached to the place of their concentration.

The above is but a slight sketch of the remarks that were delivered; remarks which lead many to hope that the time may yet come when the aborigines of a new world—which has afforded a resting place to the tribes that were persecuted by the old, when new ideas had dawned upon them, and made them seek these shores to acquire a liberty that was denied them at home—will finally become a portion of civilised humanity, and worthy associates with their pale brethren, both in this world and the next.—*Brooklyn Advertiser.*

KA-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

This celebrated chief of the Ojibways, after a laborious tour south, has returned to our city. He

is engaged to deliver lectures in Boston and vicinity the coming two weeks. His lectures on the manners and customs of his people are very interesting. The one delivered not long since in this city, upon the "Romance and Poetry of the Indians," was an interesting and beautiful production.

We purpose in this notice, however, to mention only his lectures on temperance, hoping to answer the many queries made to us on this subject by friends from various parts of New England. To this end, we extract from the *Charleston Courier* a notice of one of his lectures in that city, which comes so near the point, that we give it preference to anything we (*New Englander*, Boston,) can write :—

"A crowded house assembled to listen to Mr. Copway, the Indian chief and orator. He argued the cause of temperance in every variety of manner, insisting mainly, as was to be expected, on its profound and even awful relations to the red nations of the west. Shouting aloud, in clear tones, he exclaimed, with true Indian enthusiasm, in reference to that cause, '*I love it!*' Then, with manner more subdued, he dwelt on the reasons why he loved it. He demonstrated successively that it was favourable to humanity, favourable to morality, and favourable to religion. With burning indignation he depicted the wrongs that had been inflicted on his brethren by unprin-

cipled traders, who were themselves often but the scum and refuse of civilisation, and the only medium of communication between the Indians and the better class of whites. What, he asked, could be expected from the members of his nation, when goaded, insulted, corrupted, and maddened by these agents of hell? He showed how much these disastrous influences had been mitigated by the missionaries of Christianity and the Temperance Reform. He then applied the subject to the state and prospects of the cause among the whites. Here he seemed as much at home as the most experienced temperance lecturer of a paler hue.

"A keen observer must he have been of our institutions, our social structure, and our prevailing character, whether for good or evil. Much even of his English was singularly idiomatic. Biting satire—pungent anecdote, set off with most expressive Indian gesticulation—strokes of wit and humour—touches of pathos—bursts of vehement declamation, after the manner now of a Forest, or a Cooper, and now of a zealous western preacher—slip-shod conversational talk—most poetical descriptions of nature, fearless statement, off-hand, calm, Indian independence, altogether formed a compound of a rather rare and inimitable nature. And although there might have been a few things for a very fastidious taste to object against, yet on

the whole, *he* must have been a querulous man indeed, who came away dissatisfied with his evening's treat, or unimpressed afresh with the inherent beauty, excellence and necessity of the total abstinence cause.

"Dr. Menderhall was the president, and the Rev. Mr. Kendrick the chaplain of the evening."

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